This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08179061 4

WHITE SLAVERY:

A NEW

EMANCIPATION CAUSE,

PRESENTED TO THE PEOPLE OF

THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AS IT WAS."

WORCESTER:
M. D. PHILLIPS.
BOSTON:
C. C. LITTLE & CO. AND B. B. MUSSEY.
1839.

Checked
May 191

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1838, by M. D. Phillips, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

13289

PRINTED BY
SPOONER AND HOWLAND,
WORCESTER, MASS.

EXPLANATIONS.

—o—

I.

PARTY POLITICS

Is the Mother, and DEMAGOGUERY the Father of WHITE SLAVERY. Further particulars in the following pages.

II.

THE TITLE

Of our Book is what it is, for three reasons.

First. The subject is the Slavery of White men principally.

Second. It is of a character not so dark as

might be. As certain departures from strict truth are called *White* lies, because considered not so sinful as other falsehoods, so this departure from true Freedom—this Party servitude, may be denominated *White* Slavery.

Third. We would mark the party menial and the Demagogue's tool with a convenient epithet, which may be an opprobrium, a shame, and a pain to him, till he shall struggle for deliverance. We should like to see WHITE SLAVERY inscribed over the gate of such a man, so long as he is in the condition, as the name of a foul and dangerous disease is written over the avenues leading to where it prevails.

III.

YOU

Is occasionally preferred to the remoter Pronoun. We know not why the directest mode of address shonld be confined to the Pulpit, or why "Thou art the man!" should not be said to the

Citizen Sovereign, when in fault, as well as to other guilty monarchs.

IV.

INNOCENCE

Will *never complain* of any arrows from this quiver, for they must fall unpiercing from her shield.

V.

WINGS

Are necessary to bear most literary bodies into the popular atmosphere—either those of previous reputation, or of some other kind; we have therefore in a manner fledged our production, by appending to its latter or back part lighter and more buoyant matter—such as an allegory, an anecdote, and an electioneering story, with a feather's tip still beyond. But length is not strength of pinion, so with all the lack of gravity, we dare not anticipate much of a flight.

VI.

FIGURES

Are useful, if they but add to interest, and do not subtract from good taste; so we will keep our winged metaphor flying a little longer. The nursling from our nest is more particularly commissioned to certain windows through which she may perceive there is need of her presence. The casement (case meant) may not be opened to welcome her. Should she flutter and peck in vain against the impenetrable glass of those sick and *confined* with this White Slavery, we respectfully suggest to others who have never "had it," or who are convalescent and abroad, how they might perform a cheap but precious charity. Let them just take the anxious messenger in their pure and patriotic hands, and put her within the door, saying to the suffering creatures there, "It is a Medicine Bird."

November 23, 1839.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Freedom and Slavery defined. Use of Government. Good old Common Sense. 13

CHAPTER II.

Illustration from Common Business. Partnership. 24

CHAPTER III.

Excuse of the Citizen Partners. Another Business Illustration. Sub-treasury Scheme—Set forth in an Allegory. 30

CHAPTER IV.

A Call upon Conscience. An Illustration from a Court of Justice. The

Bench, the Bar, and the Jury-Box, in the great Court of Citizenship. Worth of a Single Vote. 45

CHAPTER V.

The Political Absentee. 73

CHAPTER VI.

Mode of Emancipation Proposed. 83

CHAPTER VII.

How Tyrants come to be. The Despot of the Old World, and the Demagogue of the New. 105

CHAPTER VIII.

Illustrative and Preparatory Supposition. Wonderful Piece of Mechanism—the Voting Machine. 114

CHAPTER IX.

The Student Demagogue. Newspaper Influence. Exposure of Editorial Trickery by an Editor's Clerk. The

overthrown Demagoguing Editor's Soliloquy. 147

CHAPTER X.

Lowest mode of Slave-Making. A Handle to a Lash. 166

CHAPTER XI.

A Lash to that Handle. 182

CHAPTER XII.

Plan of Operation to "Manage" the Parties. 189

WHITE SLAVERY.

CHAPTER I.

Freedom and Slavery defined. Use of Government. Good old Common Sense.

Clearly to understand what SLAVERY in general, or WHITE SLAVERY in particular, is, we must in the first place clearly understand what its opposite—FREEDOM—is.

FREEDOM consists in the full possession and perfect security of those natural and divinely bestowed privileges called RIGHTS. These may be included under three distinct heads—

1st. The right to life and to soundness and safety of body.

2d. The right to exercise all those faculties of body and mind by which the true ends of existence are attained.

3d. The right to property, or the avails of honest industry.

It follows, of course, that SLAVERY consists in the deprivation of these rights.

Now, that these possessions may be secure, and that freedom may be maintained, GOVERNMENT is necessary—that is, some sufficient means by which man shall be restrained from seizing on what belongs to his fellow man.

It may be remarked, however, that besides securing what is already possessed, there is a secondary use of Government, viz.—in some judicious degree, to provide the means of increasing the good of society—of adding to its enjoyments.

From these preliminaries it must clearly follow, that Government is a mere matter of *business;* its work is to preserve what belongs to us, and to make any additions

to our own that may be rightful and judicious. Let the idea be repeated, that Government is a matter of *private* and *particular* business, as much so as any thing in each one's own individual affairs. If it does not at the first glance appear in this light, it is because this business is so connected with and involved with the private and particular affairs of thousands or millions, that peculiar terms are used, signifying this connection, such as public business, general interests, and state or national affairs. The subject may be illustrated by an open road by one's house. This road is a private and particular convenience. Without it you could not well get abroad with your carriage to a meeting, or for your provisions, or for any thing else. But the same road is also a private and particular convenience to your next neighbor, and to his next, and so on; and it privately and particularly accommodates every other person who travels it; so it is

called the common road, the public street, or the high-way. To illustrate still farther—the law relating to theft is to protect your property, even the money in your pocket; but it is also designed to protect that of every other citizen, so it is called a public law. These views must strike the plain Common Sense of all as correct.

The use of Government being understood, the next question is, In what manner shall the business of Government be carried on? What says Common Sense? This declares that it shall be carried on by representatives or agents, selected by the People, from among themselves, for this purpose.

The people of the United States actually possess a government, founded on the aforementioned principles, both as it regards the whole nation, and the citizens of the individual and separate states. These representative governments were established by the Common Sense of our Fathers.

We think that they are better calculated than any other political organization in the world to secure to every one his rights, and preserve to him dear and Heaven-bestowed freedom. Indeed, they in theory permit the highest degree of freedom to man in the social state, that is possible to his condition as at present.

But this happy result, in all likelihood, will not take place excepting on certain conditions, viz.—that the people shall select the most suitable men as their public agents.

Suppose the citizens of our country to be gifted with such penetration into character as clearly to perceive who, out of the thousands of a state, or the millions of the union, are those identical individuals who would unfailingly enact the best laws, and also, who are those identical individuals who would best put in execution these best laws, and perform other executive duties; and suppose that, in accordance with

this penetration into character, we should select these very persons to exercise the aforesaid functions, then we should undoubtedly have the most perfect government of which human nature is capable. If there should be any defect, or mistake in policy, it would be because no American could be found who could possibly do better.

But such knowledge of character we cannot have—it would be superhuman—miraculous. We cannot penetrate all minds so as unerringly to select the very best men for public service. What then? Common Sense at once tells us what to do. We must exercise such faculties as do belong to us, in the best possible manner. *Use the intellect unbiassed by prejudice or passion. Scrupulously adhere to our own sense of* RIGHT. *In respect to measures and men, examine facts as thoroughly and balance probabilities as accurately as we possibly can, and then favor that course of*

policy, and select those individuals for office that are best approved by sober judgment and sacred conscience. This is the dictate of Common Sense, and should we obey it, we should probably secure the best public agents, and the best public acts in the majority of cases. We should come as near to certainty, and our highest good, as the nature of our limited faculties will admit.

But, on the contrary, should we not exercise unbiassed intellect, sober judgment, and sacred conscience, in regard to these political concerns, we are liable to be deprived of our freedom, that is, if freedom is what it was defined to be, the full possession and perfect security of rights. It must be evident that we should run the risk of being deceived and imposed on in our choice of men. We should subject ourselves to the chance of employing those as our agents who would act for their own individual interests, or those of their par-

ticular friends, neglecting the general welfare, when this should not coincide with their own selfish preferences. At least, inferior men might be put into office, who, through ignorance or prejudice, might cause such a measure or series of measures to be adopted, as would do immeasurable injury, reducing us more or less to the condition of *slaves*. For we must ever bear it in mind, that inasmuch as any right is encroached on or endangered, so far we have lost our freedom, or are liable to loss. Through the vote of such men in the congress of the nation, a policy might be adopted by which your whole well-earned estate, if it were millions, might be torn from your grasp. Indeed, not merely the right of property might be endangered, but also personal liberty, bodily safety, and dear life. For a needless war might be undertaken, by which multitudes might be made prisoners in the besieged city or the dungeon. Or they might be forced

to go to the seaboard, or other frontiers, for the defence of their country, and there perish by a camp-bred sickness, or by the ball of the enemy. And you, fellow citizen, might be one of these unfortunate victims. Is not Government, then, a *private and particular concern?* Does it not affect all that you hold most dear? Look well then to your own share in the matter, the *exercise of suffrage*, would you not be a *slave!*

To be FREEMEN under our Common Sense form of Government, we must have Common Sense elections. We must conduct in elections as we do in hiring men for our shops or our farms—have regard to nothing but their perfect fitness for the particular employment. A certain intelligent farmer took the right view of the case. While at work in his field together with his son and a hired man or two, a gentleman of rather striking appearance rode along the highway near by, in a chaise.

As he passed, he politely bowed to the farmer, who as politely returned the salutation, there being a mutual recognition. Who is that? inquired the son, with much interest expressed in his countenance. It is another of my hired men, was the reply. He has been engaged by myself and some others to do a job for us. It is a work of a peculiar and rather difficult kind, and we looked about us to see who was the best hand we could find, and we at length concluded to take him. I am somewhat acquainted with him, and think he will make an excellent workman. The young men were much surprised, for the gentleman in question looked as if he was not much acquainted with hoe, chisel, or hammer. The father then explained that the work to be done was at Washington, and the gentleman was the Representative of that district, in Congress.

That citizen must have been truly a Freeman. He understood the nature and

true end of government. He, no doubt, gave his son and his man a lecture on politics, or could have given one as good as ever came from the cloisters of learning. He at his hoe was what Franklin was at his types—the philosopher of Common Sense. Do these Franklins of the field and the shop abound? Do citizens, in general, conduct in political matters as if their legislative and executive officers were really nothing but *hired men*. Let us see.

CHAPTER II.

Illustration from Common Business. Partnership.

Let us now particularly consider how we should do in some of the common concerns of life.

Suppose three of you, fellow citizens, to be partners in the same firm in trade. Your business requires you to be here and there, out and in; and you have other and different avocations, so you wish to find a most trustworthy person to be head clerk in your store. You three have property equally involved, and must have a clerk faithful to this common interest. Well, what course? Something like this. You make known your wishes. Shortly several candidates appear. They bring recommendations from friends. These you examine. But you are not willing to trust altogether to what friends say. Such tes-

timonials are no safe criterion of character. So you inquire of less interested individuals. And you would by no means stop your ears to the representations of enemies even, as you want all possible information. Should there be any ill report about a candidate for your favor, you are sure to give this particular attention. Should it come to your ear that he is intemperate, or dishonest, or careless, you would sift this report to the bottom to be certain of the truth or falsehood of it, before engaging the person in question. Perhaps you have two neighbors, each of whom exceedingly desires his son to have the clerkship. Each not only shows reasons in favor of his own son, but also urges reasons why you should not engage the son of the other. These two fathers even break into the most abusive defamation of each other, and brothers and uncles and cousins, and other particular friends, join respectively in the cause of each. But what course do you three

copartners pursue in the turmoil of the two clashing interests? Do you split the common firm asunder, as it were, and join the wretched rant and bitter exasperation of the two self-seeking parties, one of you taking this side, the second that, and the third standing neuter, or in secret abetting one of the cabals? O no; you know your own interest too well for such a procedure. You three men have put your hands, your heads, your hearts together, for a common and undivided purpose, and it would be stupid folly, or blind madness, to suffer the selfish interests and quarrels of others to push them apart to your manifest disadvantage. All that you of the partnership want is the best man for the clerkship that can be found, so you calmly listen to both sides. You inquire all around of less interested neighbors, whether what these two conflicting parties say of each other be really true. You weigh evidence and balance probabilities, and if you engage either

of these sons, it is *that* one whose character on the whole seems the *fairest.* Now, fellow citizen, for we would appeal to each one separately, is not this the way you would conduct in the case supposed? or in any other ordinary business wherein men are to be employed? Indeed, to ask the question is almost an insult, as it implies a doubt whether you possess Common Sense.

Now let us see how it is in another sort of business. The people of the United States have put *their* hands, heads, and hearts together, to preserve their rights, to maintain their freedom, and increase the common good. It is a *copartnership* entered into, that the members of it may *jointly* act for each one's *private* and *particular* advantage.

Well, the great American Firm, and State copartnerships, also, need a chief clerk and under clerks, as, the President of the Union, the Governor of a State, and

Senators and Representatives may be called. All the property, and, indeed, all the other interests of the nation, are to be more or less under these men's care. Of course, it is of the utmost importance that the most suitable individuals out of the whole nation should be selected for the employment.

Now let us see how the partners proceed. There are generally, two conflicting candidates for each place in their gift. The particular friends of each are active, earnest, clamorous in their solicitations. They abuse the competitor with slander, and rant and slang. They take all possible means, fair and foul, to carry their point, and get their favorite into place. But how conduct the people, the co-partners, the employers, in the clash? *Do they carefully examine the recommendations, attend to good report and ill report on all sides alike? Do they keep from participating in the personal interests and hot passions of the*

self-seeking parties? Do they calmly deliberate, and clear-sightedly and conscientiously decide with reference only to naked facts, pure, absolute truth? If the answer is no, no! we would ask, where is the reason, the prudence, the Common Sense of the members of the great political firm? These Americans so shrewd, these Yankees so acute, these farmers, mechanics, and traders, so devoted to all other business, so careful in all other concerns, are they not completely out of their heads, bereft of all their wits, in this matter of politics? Alas, as it regards this concern of government—this public, though really *private* and *personal* business, the country is one great Bedlam, and the citizens raving and tearing and screaming madmen.

CHAPTER III.

Excuse of the Citizen Partners. Another Business Illustration. Sub-treasury Scheme—Set forth in an Allegory.

But stop—hearken a moment, exclaim some of the citizen partners. There is one thing you do not think of. We do not thus take sides with one or the other of the candidates, out of blind or mad favoritism to the man. It is measures, not men, that we care for. It is principles on which we base our preference and cast our suffrage. There is a certain course of policy which we think of the utmost importance to the country, in contradistinction to another course which we think would be disastrous. We vote for men who will adopt this desirable course. Looking to nothing but the common good, how can we do otherwise? Is there a lack of Common Sense, is there Slavery in this? By

no means, we reply, if you take care clearly to understand what will most promote the common good. But let us look into the truth of the matter.

In the first place let us have an illustration from business in which Common Sense is scarcely ever neglected by any one possessing a particle of it. Suppose you three before imagined partners in trade are about to build a new store, or make improvements in an old one, in such a manner as very materially to increase your conveniences. How would you do, as looking to nothing but your own interest? There is money to be laid out, there is to be a building whose inconveniences, should there be any, might annoy you for years. You therefore inspect and compare together different plans that might be suggested by your own invention, or be presented by others, for instance by builders who might wish to undertake the work. You are exceedingly particular, examining to the mi-

nutest differences. Now you are likely to select the best of the two or of the several plans, in consequence of your calm deliberation, your minute inspection and comparison. And you will probably employ that individual to do the work whose plan you have preferred. There is another consideration peculiarly worthy of note. Should you three copartners differ among yourselves in regard to the most eligible plan, the difference of opinion arises after the examination, and not *before*. And should you find yourselves disposed to differ as you proceed, you are induced to a more thorough examination still, that you may if possible find grounds for unanimity at last. Such most certainly would be the dictates of interest and Common Sense.

Now is this the way you would proceed in regard to political plans, legislative fabrics. Let us see.

The interests of the great Political copartnership require from time to time the

adoption of certain new measures adapted to new emergencies—the enactment of certain laws. What those measures ought to be, the great body of the people do not exactly know. They simply wish for, and hope for, and undoubtedly intend to have, the best.

Well, certain men who pretend to be skilled in such matters—political architects—propose some individual measures, or some course of policy embracing a series of enactments, adapted as they think to the public wants. There are generally two sets of measures, more or less differing in their main features. These are presented by two rival sets of men. These men both as individuals and as companies of inventors and legislative mechanics, risk their reputation, their claims to the public patronage, on their respective plans. Both sets present their schemes to the people. But this is not all. They do not simply say, "here is our plan, please to examine

it," and then calmly and quietly stand by till the examination is made. But they take all the extra means in their power to ensure success. Not merely honorable, but dishonorable means are resorted to, by some at least. Auxiliaries are employed, or the services of such are received to do all that language can effect to secure the employers', that is, the people's favor. Legislative speech-makers and caucus-declaimers and newspaper-writers run up the one scheme to the very skies for its wisdom, and run down the opposing scheme to the pit of darkness for its folly or wickedness.

And now, how do the copartners of the great Citizen firm proceed in respect to these plans thus presented to their selection? Let the fact be pressed home, and most deeply realized in the consciousness, that all which is wanted by the firm—by the people; all that they would look to as regarding their highest interests, is

the best plan, the wisest course of policy. Well, do they of *a joint concern jointly take first one plan and then the other, and examine each separately, and then compare one with the other in respect to their minutest differences*, as the three copartners were supposed to do in the case of the projected store? *After the most critical and impartial scrutiny, do they decide in obedience to clear reason and sober judgment, and then employ that architect, that is that political candidate, whose scheme thus appears best suited to their interests?* Oh no! The Babel voices, the confused tongues of forty political years utter but one speech, and one answer to this question, saying No!!

This *firm* splits asunder—those who have put their hands, heads, and hearts together for a common advantage, as if possessed by a spirit of madness, part into two divisions, these draw away from each other, as it were turn their backs upon each

other, and look in different directions. Yea, to continue the figure, they look over the shoulder, and cast angry glances, and make mouths, and thrust back the foot upon each other, as they move off, each division to its turbulent ruinous work, of examining *one* of the *plans*, that one proposed by the *set of schemers* in whose favor each half may be respectively *prejudiced.*

Did we say, examining one of the plans, each its favorite—alas, if it were *so*, the folly and the slavery would be more excusable. But we would ask if no small portion of each political party does not *accept* of the plan *without* examination. Is not their *faith in their preferred set, so implicit, that they take it for granted, that their propositions* are unobjectionable, and entirely the best. And again do they not *take it for granted that the propositions of the opposite set are faulty, yea, pregnant with ruin, because it is so alleged by their favorite and trusted men.*

We may be permitted to draw an illustration from the present crisis of our country.

There is now before the people the Subtreasury scheme for the disposition of the public monies. Its devisers and advocates urge that it is the precise measure best calculated to prevent those ruinous fluctuations in business which have lately devastated the land. Besides this, it is the most judicious method of keeping the national revenues from loss. It would be as a sheet anchor to the Ship of State. These Democratic architects aver that the plan of the whigs, on the other hand, will be but a continuance of disaster; that the depositing of the public treasure in a United States Bank, or a set of selected State banks, will inevitably lead to fluctuations and losses without end. In their view, the Bank scheme is something like this. "It is like launching the Ship of State on an unsta-

ble element, with nothing but bank rags and uncertain promises for both freight and ballast. Yea, further, the very sails by which the vessel is borne on her course are nothing but a patchwork of paper-credits. So that at best the goodly ship bounces about on the fluctuating tide like a bag of wind, with no steadiness for lack of weight. And the first strong gust must tear her flimsy canvass to flitters, yea turn her bottom side up in mid passage, or drift her upon perilous shores to be seized on by any marauders that might get at the wreck.

But on the other hand what say the Whig projectors. With them the Bank system is the safest and the only safe. It is by intermingling the financial concerns of the government with the money concerns of the people at large, which by judicious care, will prevent the dreaded fluctuations and produce permanent security. As we would help this side also to an allegory,

they might say, "This Sub-treasury scheme is as if the officers and crew of the Ship of State should seize on the coin of the owners, both for ballast to steady and freight to load her. And they go careering on their voyage, coasting along our cities, certain of success. Their glittering cargo from the mint is ever in demand, and its market is every where. Yea, and with this magic but permanent power of the metals, as they glide from port to port, they can mar, indeed annihilate our poor paper substitutes at their sovereign pleasure. Alas! the Ship of State, which should be a defence and a safety, sends trembling before her wherever she approaches, and is a presence of danger wherever she moors!" Thus moan, or pretend to moan, the advising Whigs.

And now, how is it with the employers, the people at large, in regard to these two different schemes of Sub-treasury and Bank? The elections of late through the

country have turned on the reception or rejection of either scheme. Now did the popular co-partnership examine compare and decide upon each, according to the dictates of Common Sense, and like free men, previous to this all-important election? Did they peruse the Sub-treasury speeches of Wright, Calhoun, Benton, and others, on the one side, and then the speeches of Webster, Clay, Rives, and others in opposition? Were the conflicting newspaper articles moreover, equally and impartially perused? O no. Indeed, we fear that many did not attend to the expositions of their own favorite set, and of course, by no means, to those of the set in competition. Alas, alas, during these election days, how many, many did the Genius of our Constitution, and the Goddess of Liberty weep over—those who supported the political architect on either side, for the sake of the men, and not the structure proposed! Shades of the Revolutionists! This split-

ting of the Republican firm, this party madness, in a single election might cause the needless loss of property to an amount that would have paid all England's unjust exactions, and paid for the war of Independence besides. Our Revolutionary and our Constitutional Fathers! how unworthy are we of our Parentage! The Revolution was the dictate of Common Sense. What particular circumstance gave decided beginning and impetuous impulse to the war of emancipation? A petty tax, a trifling encroachment on dear Freedom. But it may be replied, that "it was not the tax on tea or other arbitrary procedures, that impelled the colonial Patriots to resist unto death the populous nation and mighty power of the mother land. It would have been madness to plunge into the horrors of revolution simply for this. It was the principle involved in the case, which roused, sustained and carried them through to success. Did they not resist the begin-

nings of evil, more and more burdensome impositions would be laid, until at length the growth and prosperity of the country would meet with a permanent check, and though the child of England, it would be its weakened and miserable slave." To conclude, you would doubtless exclaim, "We too would resist on principle the beginnings of evil—the first attempts at oppression." Is it so? Think a moment and see. Here is our definition of Freedom. The full possession and perfect security of rights. Here too is a truth before mentioned in these pages, to be compared with this definition. This prejudice, this passion, this party blindness and madness, tends to let men slip into public trust who in executive departments might recommend measures, or in legislative, enact them, which might not merely impoverish the people little by little, but which might at one blow crush the fortunes of thousands, indeed, as with a single swing of the besom sweep the

country with ruin! Where, where is the good old Common Sense—where, where that inherited keensightedness to foresee danger, that tenderness of principle, that determination to resist the beginnings of evil, of which you boast? But you may rejoin, "these measures proving so unfortunate need be but temporary. These dishonest or unwise agents are subject to our removal." Worthless excuse! Do you not know that laws constitutionally and deliberately enacted and put in force, must be constitutionally and deliberately repealed before they shall cease to operate? Thus these laws for a limited period may produce the lamentable consequences described. For a limited period, as disastrous as the policy may be, it must be maintained, even if at the point of the bayonet, or government and good order are being overthrown, and the reign of anarchy, and that lawlessness which is the worst of slavery, has made its terrific commence-

ment. How can our doctrine be gainsaid or resisted? The partizans on either side out of their own mouth are already condemned. What is the warning cry of the Democratic oracles of Massachusetts against the Whig Rule of this state. And on the other hand the warning cry of the Whig oracles, the country through, against the National Administration? Is it not Oppression! Ruin! Awake O ye people to a sense of your Rights! Rush, rush in your might to the ballot conflict for Freedom? If that indeed be true which either party affirms of the other, then surely the basest of men have mounted the necks of the people and are riding them as with headstalls on, over their natural rights and blood-bought and constitutional liberties. If Freedom consists in "the full possession and perfect security of rights," how servile the condition, how positive the slavery of the white brother of the African!

CHAPTER IV.

A Call upon Conscience. An Illustration from a Court of Justice. The Bench, the Bar, and the Jury-Box, in the great Court of Citizenship. Worth of a Single Vote.

We have thus far addressed Common Sense, that ordinary quality of the mind which easily apprehends the best means to obtain the ends suggested by the feelings of self-interest and of patriotism. We hope to have awakened it from its drowsiness, and quickened it somewhat to its ancient alertness. The healthy action of this alone would be enough to reform abuses, and deliver the nation from its thraldom. But there is another principle to which we would now appeal—a principle which we fear to be worse than slumbering, it must be dead asleep. We mean the CONSCIENCE. Indeed, as it regards political duty, Conscience has never yet been awake at all

in the bosoms of a large portion of our nation. It yet continues in embryo infancy, unconscious of itself. Do the citizens of this country generally realize the immense, the solemn, the awful responsibility of citizenship? This responsibility we will now endeavor to exhibit. O, how feeble, how inadequate our powers to set forth the momentous truth! We would speak of the consequences involved in the exercise of suffrage. We begin with an illustration. Indulgence is begged for presenting the several points of comparison somewhat minutely, and, perhaps, tediously, to quicker apprehensions; but we desire, if possible, to strike the dullest with conviction.

A Court of Justice is a place of more solemn import than almost any other in the world. Life and death, body and estate, happiness and misery, are in its keeping. It is the vicegerent of Holy Heaven to defend those rights Heaven has vouchsafed to men. Such a Court let us enter, in

imagination, and seem to behold as now shall be described.

There is a case here pending between two rival firms in business. Connected with each of these firms, there are many people whose pecuniary interests most intimately depend on the issue of the trial. It is a matter of certainty that the company which shall be defeated will fail, and that all the individuals dependent on it for employment will also be losers; at least they will be obliged to seek new employers, and perhaps be at the cost of removing their residence. Such are the liabilities at stake. On that elevated bench are the presiding Judges. And there, in their appropriate place, sit the Jury—twelve men; the fellow citizens of the litigants and their respective dependants.

These Jurors have no just connection with one side more than with the other. They are as entirely separate from the conflicting parties, as the Judges on the Bench.

It is their solemn duty to listen attentively and impartially, to all the evidence and arguments on both sides, and then give verdict according to their real convictions. Ready, within the bar, are the feed counsel of both parties. The case is in due form opened; the pleadings in favor of the firm A— are commenced, with all the energies of soul and speech that the advocates can command. Now mark those twelve Jurors—what a spectacle! Seven of them only are listening with interest, and attending to their oath-bound duty. But note the appearance of those seven; attentive surely, but they seem not to have the seriousness of men seeking nothing but all-important truth. They, indeed, lend an ear to grave facts and arguments, but most of them are more interested in the ingenuity, the wit, and even the coarse abuse of the counsel, than with any thing else. What careless hands to touch the sacred balance of justice!

But the other five—they likewise are in the jury seats, but as well might be away. They scarcely heed the speakers at all, excepting when some of the seven give them a touch on the foot, a tap on the shoulder, or a pinch on the arm, and force them to hear what seems to these seven an overwhelming argument, or a cutting witticism. But with such palpable hints they will hardly attend to even the amusing portion of the plea. Indeed, hard knocks would not bring them to that steady hearing now lent by the rest. They seem indignant at these slight solicitations of their neighbors.

But the pleadings on this side are ended. The counsel for the firm B— now hold the floor. Their case, like that of the other, is intended to be presented to all the twelve guardians of justice. But what a spectacle that jury-box still displays! There is a change indeed, but not for the better. The before-delinquent five jurors are now

all attention. Not a word escapes their ears, and the greater number of them drink in the wit and the abuse with the most exquisite delight. But those seven, so faithful to the other firm, they now are heedless, scarcely lending ear at all, unless brought to it by a touch on the foot, a tap on the shoulder, or a pinch on the arm. They too are vexed at such hints from their fellows. They are fully as reckless of attending faithfully to evidence and argument so as to decide impartially, as were their five companions before. Lamentable to behold! These twelve men have the sacred rights of their fellow citizens in their hands. They are bound by the laws of their country, and of God, to hear all that strictly appertains to the cause, and then to decide with the most solemn regard to truth and equity. But where, all this time, have been the Justice and Authority belonging to that elevated bench? Asleep? No. But had they no commanding voice

to thunder in the ear, no flashing countenance of moral indignation for the eye of those miscreant jurymen. O no! they indeed, wriggle uneasily on their seat, look sadly on the spectacle, and the boldest now and then groan out a feeble complaint —nothing more. But we need not continue to describe or exclaim, it is an imaginary scene, and stretched far enough for our purpose. But, Fellow Citizens, should any Court present such a spectacle to your eyes, what would be your astonishment, what your indignation, yea, what your pious horror! You would cry, "such jurors ought to be at once discharged, and arraigned at the same bar for their crime. At least, they ought to be sent home, and be forever debarred from serving in any public capacity again." You would exclaim, moreover, "what delinquency on that superior seat! Dignity and power, if not conscience, have fallen down from it at the feet of injustice and confusion!"

Were such a scene to be presented in one of our judiciary halls, what apprehension would prevail among the lovers of justice, good order and peace. Were such conduct to become common with Juries, what excitement would arise. Newspapers would be established, and combinations be formed to alarm the community and arrest the evil!

Now for the application of our Parable. The United States is the spacious Court-room. Certain political leaders are the clients, one party firm against another party firm. The newspaper writers are the lawyers, and the citizens in general are the Jurors. It is the case of men in office and their immediate dependents, and men out of office, together with those who would be beneficially connected with them had they the Administration. The trial is before the Jury consisting of the thousands of voters in a state, or the millions of voters in the Country. The one set of clients

contend that one particular course of measures will tend to the highest good, the other set contend that another particular course is the true one. On the decision as to which shall be adopted, depends the question which of the two companies shall have office, honor and emolument. Their private interests are most deeply involved. Well, the party leaders or clients advise with each other, they communicate also with the Editors who take upon themselves to advocate the cause of each respectively. These advocates confer, lawyer-like, with each other, and they all together go hand in hand, over high and low, through thick and thin of the case. The evidence and the arguments, both on one side and the other, are placed by these party agents before the proper Jury, the great body of Citizens. These bring in their verdict. That is, by electing a certain list of men to office in preference to another list, they declare which course of

measures they deem to be the most salutary and just. On the decision depend the places and the salaries of the Ins, and the future situation of the Outs. But the Jury of the Country have no real interest in the question, which company shall succeed, considered simply as a company whose joint or whose individual interests are at stake. But even in regard to the private interests of these two sets of men, as separate from the interests of the nation, they are under a moral obligation that truth should be established. They ought in Conscience to award the advantages of office to those who in capacity and honesty have the best claim. But the responsibility to the conflicting clients, these political Ins and Outs, is but a feather's weight compared with that which presses on them from other sources. In truth, the rights of all the citizens in the nation may depend on this ballot verdict.

We have briefly presented this point in

another part of our work, yet we would enlarge upon it here, although to some it may be tame repetition. We would arouse the Conscience, if there be one in the National soul, and bring it all alarmed as it need be, and in all its Sacred Authority to the aid of Common Sense, in our humble efforts at reform.

On the decision thus made by the people, millions of property may depend, property in which every citizen has an interest. First, it may affect the public revenues as to their reception, their keeping and their disbursement without loss; as in case of the Bank or Sub-treasury scheme now before the Country. Next, this ballot verdict, if we may so continue to call it, may bear upon private property, upon this man's capital, and that man's labor all over the country, so that the one shall lose all and the other be thrown out of employ, and rich and poor be whelmed in the same great ruin, and thus the village

become desolate, and the streets of the city be untrodden, except by people inquiring what they shall do in their distress. Indeed, through such a decision the country may be materially affected for a long course of years. The newspaper advocates on either side expressly assert this to be so. Each set avers that wealth untold, and liberty, and even life are saved if the particular policy advocated by them shall prevail, and that the same are lost if the policy of the other side shall succeed. All this may be true. The weal or woe of the Country may depend on the turning of elections. Let the people give the verdict to one set of party clients, and the land prospers and smiles, to the other, and it loses and mourns. But mark one thing, O citizen — what should lift your Conscience trembling far above this comparison of the jury-box. There, no decision can be made for good or ill till there has been such hearing in silence, and then,

such review and discussion afterward—such compacting of mind into mind, as to produce but one opinion and one will to all the several members of the body. But in the great court of the people, behold not only the Heaven-watched height of your responsibility, but also its awful solitariness. The aforenamed consequences hang not on the unanimous wills of the citizen Jury, but on the majority of wills, and this majority may be constituted by a single suffrage. Your single vote might cause the candidate set up by one party firm to be elected over the one set up by another party firm, and thereby the majority might be changed from one side to the other in the state legislature or in congress, and in consequence of this, a law or very many enactments might be entirely different for better or for worse.

Again, it is possible for your single vote to decide the momentous question whether one man or another shall be the successor

of Washington in a seat more honorable, more truly august than the throne of kings. We say momentous question, for so it is. For the President of the United States through his influence, direct and remote, wields the destinies of fourteen millions of people. How can this be? do you ask in ignorance. It is from his nullifying veto, his immense power of patronage, his public recommendation of measures, and beyond this, his private suggestions to dependent partisans. The breath from between his lips may spread as a blessing, or drive as a curse, over half a continent. Yea, more, a few words, dropped from his pen in a congressional message, may cause England's princely merchants and proud nobles to nod to each other in congratulation, or shake the head with forebodings of disastrous change. Does the sluggish understanding need testimony to these assertions. That testimony is here beneath your eye. While preparing these very pa-

ges, we had the fortunate opportunity to converse on this identical topic with a distinguished and highly respected individual. We read to him this portion of our production. Yes, says he, "all you aver is the truth." And lifting his hand emphatically, and speaking solemnly, he startled us with the following declaration. I, myself, made one President of the United States! The question whether John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, or William H. Crawford should be President of the United States, was brought before the House of Representatives in Congress. I was one of those Representatives. The question was decided in favor of Mr. Adams by a majority created by my vote. He proceeded to explain. My own little state was entitled to but two representatives. The Constitution prescribes that each state, in such cases, cast one vote only. It was my lot to throw the ballot for myself and colleague. Had I cast it for either of the

other candidates, Mr. Adams would not have had a majority out of all the States and could not have been elected. I can well say then, that I made him Chief Magistrate of the nation for four years. Such substantially at least, was the statement. Now, if this gentleman had been chosen to to Congress by the majority of one vote above the competitor of his district, then it might be affirmed that on the suffrage of one common citizen was written the fate of the nation for years. Still further, if all was true, that has been alleged against Mr. Adams by denunciatory newspapers and tens of thousands of angry voices, what dire misfortunes might have fallen broad upon the land from between the thumb and finger of a single individual.

With a clear apprehension of what has been said, how can you but realize the power, and with it, the responsibility of citizenship. You may be the obscurest man in the obscurest town on the barren

ridges of our country, and you may drop a shred of paper marked with a few names into a homely little box, and in consequence, after a few brief months, one man instead of another enters the marble halls of the Presidency, and touches the interests of two hemispheres with the sceptre of his policy.

These momentous elections are of frequent recurrence—once in two years for doers of good or evil in Congress, once in four years for that Autocratic weal, or woe-maker, the Chief magistrate of the nation.

Suppose now, that one of these days of election have come. Between its rising and setting sun are to be cast the seeds of national destiny for two or four years, and perhaps years unnumbered more. Suppose you are at the polls with an electoral suffrage in your hand which you have yourself independently chosen, or which others have dictatorially designated for you. As you are lifting your fingers to

fling the ballot, let it be miraculously revealed, that the tossing in of that trifle of paper would eventually deprive one poor neighbor of ten dollars, another man of an hundred, a third of a thousand, and would completely despoil a fourth of his immense but honestly acquired estate, and indeed that the whole wide country from Canada to Texas, and from the Atlantic to the Rocky mountains, would suffer from the policy thus by you brought about. Or suppose it revealed that a war would be the consequence, in which armies would be gathered and navies equipped to destroy or defend, and that thus villages would be burned and cities be beseiged and bloodiest battles be fought, and unnumbered widows and orphans be made to mourn; and that famine and pestilence would also make spots of desolation, and still more, that war-bred crime would leave the midnight, and unfearing do its diabolical work, morning and evening and at noon-day. Aye,

let it be signified that such manifold calamity would fall on the land at the cast you are about to make, and what would be your feelings? With what horror would you start back and stand appalled. Your uplifted hand would fall as palsied at your side, your perilous suffrage would drop harmless from its hold, and an inexpressible joy would mingle with horror at the wonderful escape you and your country had made.

Say not that such consequences of suffrage might not chance in a century, or a thousand years. Let it be so. The moral obligation is the same. But you know not but that such destiny may descend from a single man's fingers at the next national canvass. Now, if certain revelation would arrest your ruinous hand, a clear perception of tendency, a bare possibility, a conscientious regard to principle should make you pause, investigate and possess yourself of all the facts and evidence that

may aid to the safety of your suffrage.

Do you now clearly and deeply realize your obligation as a voter, Fellow Citizen? If so, please to call to mind our imaginary scene. Were such a scene real, and were you beholding it, how strong would be your indignation at the abominable recklessness and unfaithfulness of those twelve jurors. Would it not be so? What then ought to be your indignation at the perfidy, at the disregard of all right and justice manifested by the great citizen jury of the country, one of whom is YOURSELF. Our allegory or parable applies with the utmost exactness. The seven jurors and the five are the common mass of the two great political parties of our country. These jurors take sides at the outset with one or the other of the two firms selfishly interested in the issue of the trial. They listen to the advocates on that side only which they have chosen, that is, as a general usage they read only the newspapers employed in be-

half of one particular set of men. They no more read the papers on the other side than the five jurors would listen to the first pleadings, or the seven to the second. Again, the majority of each party seem to be more pleased with the ingenuity and the wit, if not the coarse abuse of their respective writers or speakers, than with any thing else. At least such effusions are almost always glanced at, and in general thoroughly perused, while a sound and serious article, simply stating facts and developing principles, is more likely to be neglected. Neither party will give heed to fact, argument or wit on the opposite of the cause, unless brought to do it by some sort of solicitation from their opponents. No doubt there are honorable exceptions, on either hand, but of the larger portions is not this a true account? Then ought not such scenes, such abuses, such enormities in this great Judgment-Hall of the land, to excite keen apprehension among the lovers

of justice, good order and peace? Ought not books to be published, newspapers to be established, and combinations to be formed to alarm the nation and arrest the evil?

But in our imagined Court, there were men who held the elevated place of Judges, and these too were lamentably deficient in duty. They indeed wriggled uneasily on their seat, looked sadly on the spectacle, and the boldest of them groaned out a feeble rebuke—nothing more! Our parallel is not yet carried out. In the great temple of citizenship, wherein there should be the most perfect political justice, is there no reality answering to the supposed delinquency of that superior bench? Verily there is. There is a small portion of the citizens who hold the elevated place of clear intelligence and sober reflection in regard to these things. The mass of the people are wont respectfully to look up to them, and on other important subjects to receive from them light and guidance, and

and on moral topics, at least such as are clearly apprehended by conscience, they submissively receive rebuke from such men, and are smitten more or less with with contrition, and perhaps they set about reform. To such men the Infinitely Just has given a presiding care over truth and righteousness in Politics, as much as in other departments of opinion and morals. They gaze down on the abomination, they look sad and deplore. Here and there is a brief and intermitted voice of warning and rebuke—and this is all. Grave Philosophy is dumb, or speaks but in a whisper. And who hears the few and feeble utterances of the sacredly christian and politically neutral newspaper amid the enormous din? But the Pulpit! the Pulpit! From the cloud of witnesses in that firmament, why have not the spiritual thunders fallen, in all their terrific power and sanctity, upon the ear of partisan guilt?

But we would be just. Let not injury

be brought upon the innocent. Do not understand us as casting indiscriminate reproach upon those who have been likened to client and advocates in the political contest. There is the true, and the false, the right side, and the wrong, in Politics as well as in legal causes. There are in the former those who clearly apprehend the merits of the case, and will take up on the part of justice, and on this only, as is the habit with the upright lawyer in judicial trials. The clear-minded and upright candidate for office, or his conscientious and fitly-speaking newspaper friend, ought not to lose favor. But the question is—who are the clear-minded and the upright? This it is not our present province to settle. It is for the people to decide by faithful and impartial examination. Until this is done, the doubtfulness involving both parties casts the injury of suspicion upon all. And it should be felt in the conscience of every citizen that the innocent politician

who is in the least suspected, suffers a wrong, and this from him, because it is in his power by due inquiry to remove the suspicion. To the common citizen, then, Innocence and Justice are crying aloud and beseeching him to come to his duty.

Again, some, at least, of the candidates for office and their newspaper assistants, who are really in the wrong, may be so, unawares to themselves. Peculiar circumstances in early life may have led them to adopt certain political opinions. They have chosen their party. Then as new opinions one after another are embraced by the party, early associations in favor of men and mere partisan names, beguile them hastily to receive these opinions and perseveringly to adhere to them. Such is their unbroken familiarity with a certain view of a case and a particular set of arguments in support of this view, that they really deem it impossible for the opposite view and the opposite set of arguments to

be sound. As in a legal cause both client and advocate may be sometimes mistaken with comparative innocence, so also it may happen in the political. And what is more frequent than for the mind's otherwise clear eye to be blinded by self-interest. The client wants what he thinks and hopes to be his own. The advocate wants pecuniary gain, and eager for this, in his faithfulness to his employer, he forgets that truth and right may possibly be against him.

Furthermore, each set of political disputants doubtless acquaint themselves to a considerable degree, with the pretensions of the conflicting party, as in the parallel judiciary case, yet the causes before mentioned will so disorder the judgment that the opposite evidence, as far as they do look into it, cannot be truly appreciated. But there is a stopping point for our charitable regards. This comparison from the court may be carried still farther.

As is sometimes the case with clients and lawyers, the political suitors, who are really in the wrong—some of them at least—may be clearly conscious that this is the fact, conscious of meanness and guilt. But self-interest predominates over reason and conscience, so they fling themselves headlong into the trial, hoping that by some sort of chicanery, by this trick and that, so to confuse the understandings of the ballot-box Jury as to obtain the triumph to themselves.

Now these conflicting Ins and Outs presenting different courses of policy, *cannot be both equally* right. It must be, moreover, that some of those who support the worst must *know* that they are practising wicked imposition. How can it be otherwise with the most knowing and clear-headed of the Party in error? We have before presented high, holy, solemn motives to the citizen Juror in whose hand such base men's political fate is placed. These motives we

cannot urge more forcibly than we have. Our last exclamation to him is this. From self-respect, if from nothing else, yea, for burning shame's sake, do not become a willing and perfectly infatuated dupe. Do not descend into the similitude of that lowest of God's creatures wearing the form of man—an IDIOT—a FOOL!

CHAPTER V.

The Political Absentee.

A few words now to that Citizen who stays away from the polls, and casts no suffrage at all, the Political Absentee. His business has been too pressing, his time too valuable, to admit of a day, or even a few hours, at election. "There will be men enough there for the purpose, I think I'll not go;" or, "Politics are so low, dirty and disgusting affairs, that I will have nothing to do with them. The farther from the nuisance the better." Such has been your neglect, such your motive, Fellow Citizen, for we must now address the delinquent with individual directness. Have you at all realized the folly of your delinquency as it regards your own self, the undutifulness of it in respect to your free country, or the sin of

it against your neighbor? We think not. In self-interest, in patriotism, in conscience you could not have been an absentee, except through ignorance. But you have now perused the foregoing pages, however humble and feeble, they must have conveyed some notion of the truth. You cannot now but perceive the worth of a single vote. If the ballot of one citizen only might cause truth and sound policy to triumph, so the absence of that one citizen's ballot might cause them defeat. Your Common Sense will transfer the foregoing appeal from the ever prompt but blind partisan, to the case of the absentee. Indeed, need more be said to cure your delinquency forever? But we will enlarge a little, as broader and more particular appeal may be of use to some. Whatever your political opinions may really be, as far as you have any, we will suppose them, for convenience sake, to be on the sound and safe side, as it regards the great questions now at issue

in the country. At first, consider yourself as coinciding with the party at present in power. Let their majority be large; still, out of regard to your own interest, you should always be punctual at the polls. By thus doing, the habit of attendance may be fastened on your conduct as closely as your opinions are fastened on your mind. Then should change come, and the majority diminish, you will not have grown sluggish from inaction, when, perhaps, your individual presence at the ballot would save the side of your choice. If your favorite politicians now in power, are correct in their policy, then is it not grossest folly to lack that vigilance which may keep them in the ascendancy.

On the other hand, if you side with the minority, your neglect of privilege is more foolish still. Is the minority large, nearly equalling the majority in numbers, then a crisis might come, in which your single vote might create that majority of one, by

which your own principles would prevail and be established.

But even if the minority be small, and likely long to continue so, you should by no means sink into carelessness, or stay away from the polls in despair, and because of the present impossibility of success. Select your candidates as punctually as the election returns. Exhibit your principles, and sustain them with the same energy as if success were probable, and depended on one last fainting effort more. Then, although now in the minority, you will help to keep that minority at its maximum. You will possess a habit of vigilance so all-important to your future success. Having the truth on your side, as was supposed, you will be ever diffusing its light—that light will fall first on one, then on another, until at length the few become the many—the most—the mightiest, and take possession of the public weal.

But there is another view of the subject. Suppose it certain that the minority, of which you are one, will never increase so as to prevail, still, this is no reason for absence from the ballot-box, or for the least political remissness. Let the line of the inferior party be stretched as far it can. Let not a man be missing that may add to its extension. Let every member be unwearied to proclaim his own principles, and, with all due honor, honesty, and candor, to expose the fallacy of opponents. In this way you will at least hold the mistaken, or the unprincipled majority in check, and prevent them from rushing to such lengths in dangerous policy as they might otherwise dare. The adamantine front, and frowning aspect of a truthful minority, must make dominant iniquity pause and quail.

What more need we say? You now cannot but perceive what course is for your own interest. How can you also but re-

alize your duty! Will you still continue an absentee? If so, then take our final admonition, and be the scorn of all Patriotism, and the rebuke of all Righteousness, on your worse than profitless head. Never, never let your voice be heard complaining of *bad laws and ruinous policy.* Should there be such grievances from Government, and have they pushed you from overtopping wealth into irretrievable poverty, from proud greatness into obscurest insignificance; have they driven you, a common soldier, where bullets are as a hail-shower, or occasioned you to be a prisoner in a foreign dungeon, sickening in its stench, still let your mouth be sealed; hold in your very sighs. Bow your head, and bear it all as a just retribution. You have a power in your hand which, had it been duly used, might possibly have prevented this calamity. You commit your precious rights, your entire freedom, to others, with blind trust, or stupid indifference. If your sin-

gle vote would not have prevented evil in any specific instance, the principle and the duty of action are the same. He who knowingly will not be vigilant in view of a possible and distant danger, is unworthy of those Fathers who perilled all that was dear on principle, in view of the possible but distant. You are unworthy to own soil enough for a foot-print in the land they redeemed. In character you belong to those countries where the common inhabitant has no political care, and nothing to do but stay at home, fastened there by the serf-pin to trudge for life in paltry, deadening round-and-round, and where the laws are made and enforced by that iron machine, so simple in construction and resistless in movement, called a Despotism. Would that the heavy consequences of your individual delinquency might fall on your individual self alone. But no. God and your Country have committed to your keeping not only your own dear interests,

but those of your neighbor, and of all the millions of the nation; and behold, untrue to Heaven and to earth, you peril half a continent by your sin of omission. Further, from your position as a free citizen, you are ruinous in twofold degree. Your absence from the ballot-box is not only the absence of needed strength, but is also a direct and active power of destruction. As a stagnant vein or a rotten sinew in the body politic, you are both a weakness and a poison; for your son, your hired man, or your neighbor, may also grow indifferent, yea, become a lifeless absentee, and a fatal bane also to others, from the contact of your single example. Better, better that the millstone of monarchy were about your neck, and you were sunken and lost in some dead sea of Eastern vassalage, than abide here, nought but the offensive corpse of citizenship on that pure and delicate pinnacle of obligation, lifted in the face of Heaven and before the world's eye,

from the lofty grounds of American Liberty.

For the present we leave the Political Absentee. Be it remembered that our closing severity is meant for him only who shall neglect his duty after it has been distinctly made known. Past prevalence of the sin, the likelihood of its continuance, and its practical dangerousness, demand thus much of our hands. Ye faithful Citizens, ye lovers of right and your Country! we now commend the delinquent to yon. Kindly invite, solemnly warn, or sternly rebuke. Breathe into him the breath of political life if you can; but, together with this life, from your own pure and free bosoms, breathe in also the breath of incorruptible principle, the spirit of highest, holiest, unconquerable Freedom. Spare not till he reforms, or is lost to all hope, or you yourselves wink at, and, in a degree, participate in his sin.

Ye self-seeking and all-compassing, all-finding Partizans! If the zeal of righteous Patriotism shall be unsuccessful with the Absentee, then we care not, if during life, and at times without number, and this, abroad and at home, in leisure and in hurry, at his table and in bed, he be delivered over to the nauseous-fawnings, the provoking importunities, the red frowns, the muttered imprecations, the mad teeth-grindings of such tormentors as You! !

CHAPTER VI.

Mode of Emancipation Proposed.

We have now a proposition for you, Fellow Citizen. We present it to your COMMON SENSE and your CONSCIENCE. We hang it upon our starting point, the definition of Civil and Political Freedom. It will and must remain fastened there by the everlasting affinity of truth to truth, and good to good. Freedom is the full possession and perfect security of Rights. It has very clearly been shown, we think, that by this one side reading, examining and thinking, by this prejudice, passion, and headlong Party Spirit, we fearfully endanger, if not absolutely renounce, our rights. We are, therefore, in a greater or less degree, without our Constitutional and boasted Freedom. This is WHITE SLAVERY.

Like a leprosy it penetrates the whole proud body of our nation to its very joints and marrow, and covers it all over with either open sore or concealing scab.

Now the question is—shall we emancipate ourselves? Shall we take measures to be healed? Is there any one who dare stand up before his countrymen and answer no? or who would not be ashamed in the ear of the humblest citizen, and in half-heard whisper, to say no! Then, if due means for such a deliverance shall be made plain, who will refuse to adopt them? Who would not feel shame and guilt, and have confusion of face and hanging of head to refuse! We propose then a cure for the evil, a remedy, rational, just, easy, safe, certain. It is this—to read and think independently, impartially, and thoroughly, on the opposite sides of political questions about which our leading men are divided.

1st. There are speeches reported from congress and the state legislature. These

relate more particularly to measures to be approved or disapproved by the People, whose servants these speech-makers, these plan-drawers and political mechanics are. Then there are executive messages and reports which throw light on governmental policy.

2d. There are the newspapers. The due perusal of these, indeed, will embrace nearly all mentioned under the first head. Of them we would speak at some length. The political newspapers are party organs, with scarcely an exception. They in general publish the public speeches on one side of a question only. And their editors, and other writers, present arguments on one side only. If the facts, or the reasonings on the opposite, are at all published, it is but in part, it is in a garbled form, or, at least, in such a manner that no clear, candid and correct view of the contrary side can be gained. Of course it is utterly impossible to obtain the truth, and be safe

from the impositions of selfishness and cunning, without a regular and fair perusal of the newspapers, or one, at least, belonging to each of the antagonist parties.

But perhaps, Citizen, you are thoroughly convinced that you are already on the side of truth. You have never been in the thraldom described, excepting only as far as you were subjected to it by the ignorance of others. So you think; and grant, if you please, your self-satisfaction to be just. Your extensive and minute acquaintance with the history and philosophy of politics, and your natural acuteness and acquired discrimination, enable you to understand the tendency of a measure, or of a course of policy, whenever a new one is proposed. You have an extraordinary quick perception of the truth or falsehood, the safety or danger, of legislative propositions. Grant all this. But, sir, we must believe that, unless your mind differs from most, you would derive essential benefit

from this thorough, though perhaps, tedious examination of what you deem at first sight to be egregious error. You would thereby see the truth already possessed with greater distinctness. It would shine on your understanding with greater brightness as you turn toward it from its opposite error. You would find it to send out rays on your mind's eye that had not struck it before. These true and everlasting principles, if you really have them, will be like the ever-shining stars above our heads, clearly beheld in their relative positions and beautiful order, because of the opposite darkness from the midst of which they are observed.

But, sir, we have granted for a space what we now take back, a power of intellect belonging to no politician of the past or the present. Politics are a great sea, in some places, indeed, of measurable depth, and clear to the very bottom to him who will but steadily look, but in other places transparent to direct perception but a little

way down, and unfathomable to reason's longest line. To continue our figure—it is a shoreless ocean in which the Ship of State keeps sailing on and on, and shoals, rocks and whirlpools, ever and anon are discovered, which the political navigator never saw or had been warned of before. Enter our halls of legislation, those of congress for instance, and look down from those galleries and listen to debates on the floor beneath. There are those whom the People, or the distinctive Parties, deem some of the wisest of their number. A Bill is introduced whose nature, extent, and tendency, may seem as plain at first sight as the paper on which it is penned. But mark! what important facts are brought up, hitherto known to but few: what new positions are taken; what close inferences therefrom startlingly appear; what remote consequences are for the first time clearly discerned, and what final results are often arrived at which the most

far-seeing could not possibly anticipate. Propositions may, indeed, be made, which sound reason may at once reject, and which conscience may start back from and condemn. On these you may immediately pass judgment and turn away. It is concerning such that the more ignorant may be deceived by party declamation in the legislature or the newspaper. But such propositions are comparatively few. Novel emergencies are ever arising in a nation's progress, demanding novel and appropriate measures, and out of several measures presented for the case, the safest can be determined only by long and winding discussion. Who then ought affirm that he is right in opinion for the present, or will be so in the future, without a minute and comprehensive view of alleged facts, and attending arguments on all sides of these newly emerging questions of policy. To him who is not in a legislative capacity, these facts and arguments are most readily

come at, in all their multiplicity and various shades of complexion, through the medium of the newspaper. Away then, with your pretended intuition, Fellow Citizen, and with candor and patience betake yourself to the despised organ of that Party who have taken leave, not only to deny your intuitive political perception, but even your clear knowledge and rational foresight.

But we would offer another motive for this both-side and impartial reading. You would have your principles embraced by others; you would have the opposite partisan examine the facts and arguments on which your opinions are grounded. As a faithful citizen and true patriot you would labor for this. But how can you expect such examination from an opponent unless you set an example. He, through ignorance, prejudice, and party spirit, sincerely believes that he is in the right and you in the wrong. He offers precisely the same reasons for utterly neglecting what he

deems your errors that you present and deem valid reasons. How then can you bring him into your truth unless you set him an example in the use of means. This partisan supposes that it is your ignorance, and prejudice, and party spirit, that perverts you from his principles. What then can you do with him? Your *example* then, supposed holder of the truth, your example *before* your precept, if you regard your own interest, or love your country, or if you boast of Common Sense.

"But the vile newspapers of that party," you reply, "I cannot stoop to touch their lowness, to defile my fingers with their filthiness. Were they but decent, though in the wrong, I could endure the reading for example's sake most certainly. Any thing reasonable to promote the truth. But to read such stuff, to be seen with such a paper in my hand, why, it would be countenancing and patronising the nuisance." "Those vile newspapers," &c. &c. Now

these very allegations are made by this opposite partisan against your own party organs—the accusation is mutual. And we would inquire, sir, how many of your party writers could drop a pen unpolluted with abuse or the least misrepresentation, and cast the first stone of punishment. The abuses of the newspaper press on both sides are notorious. They are a crying evil throughout the land. Indeed, the course we are advocating is of no avail with the Common Sense and conscience of some, in consequence of these abuses. "We would gladly adopt your plan," say they, "if it would do us any good, but we cannot afford the expense of money and time for nothing." A most excellent citizen, a Christian, in his ways and his spirit, thus replied to one who advised him to read a newspaper on both sides, and in this way get at the truth. "It is all in vain to try! I have already done as you advise. My son takes the paper of one

party, and myself a paper on the other side, and I read them both, but yet I cannot discern the clear, undoubted truth. Each is so positive in its assertions, so zealous for human rights, and freedom, and the best interests of the people; each is apparently so sincere in its pretensions, that I see but little difference in moral character. Then again, the abuse of opponents is about as violent with the one as with the other. And as for principles—my knowledge of politics is neither minute nor comprehensive enough to form clear and decided opinions from this both-side reading. They so mix up fact with fiction, argument with abuse, that take all together, my understanding is confused. I know not with certainty which way to turn. What can a plain, honest man, like myself, do then? I have resolved what to do as long as the newspapers continue of this character, and that is, to stick to my old party and its paper, and think and vote

as they shall dictate; for in this way I shall be likely to be at peace in my mind, and, after all, as far as I can see, I have even chances of being right in my politics."

Now, notwithstanding this good man's complaint, we believe there are tens of thousands of the misled who would get at the truth by the course proposed, only let them exercise patience and care in tracing out these crooked newspaper ways. The well trained eye will discover the polar star and points of compass, and the way to go through the wilderness, however round about and intersecting may be the roads which at length terminate at a wide distance apart. But there are thousands, no doubt, in the predicament of our honest friend. They are "turned round," and stop, completely stupified, in the maziness, and are glad to take any path that will relieve their confusion and lead them to comfortable rest. But further, like him, if they have

traveled one of two ways before, they will take it again, in preference to the other, however confidently represented to be altogether the best, by advisers who are yet to be proved. And this is the newspaper Press, which professes such love for the People—the Common People—the Respected Patrons. Love indeed! Most profound respect! which would turn the brain upside down and backside before, that in the whirling chaos of the head, the hand may be stolen and borne away to the ballot-box with "Our ticket" in its dead, stiff grasp!

Walk into the newspaper offices and accuse the Editors of these things, and they will, partially at least, acknowledge them. There are enormous abuses on both sides, they grant, but then they are not individually so much to blame. Such are political morals, and they cannot help it. When driven to the conflict, and the question is conquest and honor, or defeat and disgrace,

they must use the weapons common to such warfare, and to which they have been disciplined, although the weapons are barbarous and unworthy of a Christian nation and age. They aver that the hard and cutting and filthy missiles of the enemy must be encountered by similar missiles in return. Again, they aver that the People, whatever they may say to the contrary, relish this fierceness, this ribaldry and slang, and that the newspapers could not be sustained without it. They would that it were otherwise. There are, no doubt, shadows of excuse cast in their favor by the prevailing tone of political morals, by the common usage of political warfare, and by the popular taste. And doubtless a majority of newspaper conductors really wish it were otherwise. Let Charity toward them, in all due degree abide, and let us hope all things from them if we cannot believe and endure all things.

There is doubtless much truth in these

assertions about the relish of the People for fierceness, ribaldry and slang. But who would not be ashamed to confess that this is his taste, and that its gratification is requisite to his patronage? Is there one that cares for his character who would openly declare that he does not wish for a reformation of the press on both sides? Indeed, were the question proposed to the public at large, the voice would be unanimous—"reform—reform. But alas!" it is said, "how shall we do it? It would be a Herculean labor; O, an impossible achievement! There is no hope." Not so, not so. As mighty as is the task, it may nevertheless be performed, not, indeed, with any instrument that may be compared to the knotted and heavy club of the ancient hero, but by means so simple and easy that he who will not adopt them must be in love with the party monsters that prowl upon his interests. Yea, he must be willing to lie down in their very path and with his

own hands set their paws upon his face. This simple and easy means is to do what we ought to do if the contemplated reform were altogether out of the question. It is nothing but this—regularly and faithfully to read the newspaper of both political parties; and this we ought to do for truth, and our own interest's sake. This is all. And if the reformation should not be complete, it would be very great—a wonder in the political world. But let us illustrate. Suppose, fellow Citizen, in deference to your self-satisfaction, that you really have the truth. Suppose that the opposite party who are really in error, to have the candor, the Common Sense, to read your newspaper as regularly as they do their own party organ. What would be the effect upon your Editor, or any coadjutor of the pen who has hitherto connected abusiveness with his truth? We fancy that he would thus soliloquize with himself. "Well, this is strange, our opponents reading our news-

paper! Now most surely the victory is ours, and the truth will prevail. They are honest men in the main. Their hearts are right; it is the understanding only which has been in error, and now this shall be set right. But we must alter our course. It will no longer do to abuse their favorite measures and men, for this will but irritate and provoke, so that they will not calmly and thoroughly examine, and fully appreciate our arguments. This will but make them hug their old prejudices more closely to their bosoms, and press them against their eyelids so that they cannot see the justice of our cause. Most truly we must reform our pens. We must be candid, courteous, charitable, all-bowing with politeness, all smiling with good nature, in order to prepossess them in our favor, and to win them to examine our grounds in all their length and breadth. Once get them upon these, our immoveable foundations, and they will stay there. Reason, Com-

mon Sense and Conscience will keep them fast." Something like these most surely would be the reflections of the honest writer who knows that he shall be regularly read by his opponents. Indeed, he would as soon burn the fingers he holds his pen with, put out the eyes he sees with, as abuse his opponents. Thus your own party press, fellow Citizen, will be reformed; and so also will that on the other side, or go down and stop, or change its politics. Should the opposite newspaper remain unreformed, its partisans must realize the viciousness of its character more clearly, as they would have it continually in comparison with yours. Their sense of decency would aid their reason to bring them still more speedily to your side of the question and to the truth. This opposing print would be absolutely forced to reform, and being in error, as we supposed, it would at length cease to be read; that is, continuing in the same error. For the truth

will plainly appear on your side of the great political questions that now divide the community. You will have removed the thorny thickets which not only concealed the truth but prevented approach; what then shall hinder it from being discovered and gladly embraced? We will not affirm, however, that parties will cease; as new questions will continually arise, on which at first, at least, there is likely to be a division of public sentiment. But this we fearlessly affirm: let this course be pursued, let Common Sense and Conscience be put in the ascendency, and the best men would in general be elected, the best measures adopted, the press would be reformed to an unparalled degree, and the Citizen now a slave or tending to be so, would rejoice in a freedom unfelt, and not even thought of before. Now, fellow Citizen, can you deny the utility, the importance of the course proposed? O you *do* feel that your own interest, Common Sense, Patri-

otism, and above all, Conscience, demand it at your hands. We beg of you, delay not, begin to-morrow, to-day, the right way of truth, freedom and peace. If you already take newspapers of opposite politics, it is well. We pray you examine their substantial articles with equal attention. Let every fact and argument that opposes your prevailing opinions have due weight. Put your heart to charity's perfect work. Labor to be just. If you have hitherto patronized but your own party print, we would propose a plan still better than paying for two, and one which will not be open to the objection of some, that they "cannot afford it—the too great expense." This plan is to exchange newspapers with your neighbor of different politics. By thus doing, you can watch over him that he shall be faithful in the perusal of yours; and, on the other hand, he can keep you true to the purpose of the exchange. You may *mark* those articles which you deem

of substantial importance, and which will not offend by their spirit, and let him mark for you in return.

But if your neighbor shall utterly refuse to read your paper, or any other one advocating your political views, and will still persist in his one-sided and narrow course in blind and foolish subserviency and implicit faith toward his party leaders, then he is truly a slave; you have reason and a right to fasten on him the title. Indeed, if such half-creature *can* be found in this glorious land, we hope these pages will fall beneath his eye, for here shall be said to him, what his neighbor might well have said, with some effect, perhaps, to change the color of his face for a moment, if not the hue of his character. Sir, you are a slave to the uttermost that our Constitution will possibly permit, *slave!!* the word ought to be pasted on your forehead in letters of leather—aye, a kind of leather should be picked from the whole animal kingdom that would give strongest empha-

sis to the term, and make plainer your condition—it should be of *dog*-skin! What! read only that which one set of men speak and write, think what they pretend to think, and believe just what they prescribe, and nothing else, and vote just as they dictate, and this on a soil consecrated by the feet of the Pilgrims, and by the blood of Patriot Martyrs, under a heaven from which a Providence bends all but visibly down in aid and protection to your rights and liberty! O, there is no measuring the low servitude to which you would go down. You would go on one foot—eat with one side of your mouth—breathe but through one nostril, and think but with one side of your head, if it were possible, and these your Newspaper Masters so commanded. In fact, you *do* use but one side of your brain, and it is the backside, where prejudice and passion, and all the brute propensities burrow, as far as they can get from Reason and Conscience, and all that is noble in that lord of the brutal, free-born Man!

CHAPTER VII.

How tyrants come to be. The Despot of the Old World, and the Demagogue of the New.

Slavery implies an Enslaver, a Tyrant. The Peasantry of the Old world are more or less in the condition of slaves. Their natural rights, in different degrees, are in the possession of Monarchs and Nobles. Our Slavery, White though it be, is also to be imputed to Enslavers—Tyrants. And these, in their origin and character, more nearly resemble the tyranizing monarchs and nobles of the Old World than is generally thought. The explanation of this resemblance may tend to start the victim of our kind of Slavery to more vigorous endeavors for deliverance. At least, it may cause a salutary shame. Will you patiently follow us, Fellow Citizen? If the links of our philosophy shall be feeble and tedi-

ous, we will try to fasten them on you in conclusion, by such awakening gripes and hammer-strokes as our poor hand may be able to perform.

In what way arose Royalties and Aristocracies—those powers of Tyranny across the ocean, which we Republicans have been delivered from, and now so utterly abhor? In this way. Man naturally values and respects those qualities in his fellow-man which are important to his welfare. In the early ages War was the most momentous concern of life. And tribes while on the march, or engaged in battle, must have a Leader. He who was known to possess the requisite qualities would be designated by the rest to take command. Or, perhaps, of his own accord he precedes in the enterprise, and his tribesmen spontaneously follow and obey his directions. By the continued necessity of such a Leader, and by a repeated exhibition of the all-important qualifications, this particular indi-

vidual acquired a permanent authority. He became the Chieftain of the tribe. As this grew in numbers, it was at length called a nation, and the Superior and honored individual—the Successor generally of the first one—was entitled King or Emperor. The order of Nobles arose from the same causes. There were necessarily subaltern leaders in the war, as well as the Principal. These received directions from the Head, and transmitted them to that portion of the common mass under their particular charge. These subalterns were in due degree obeyed, admired and venerated. They were the Aristocracy of the tribe. Their descendants became the Nobles of the nation. Thus it is perceived that the now odious distinctions of the Old World arose from the superiority of one man over another in those qualities deemed important to the common welfare. These distinctions were originally acquired and retained with innocence. They were the

appointment of Providence for good. But, in process of time, other circumstances less honorable to human nature began to operate. Through these, inferior men often came into regal and lordly place, those, who in mind and in morals, were immeasurably beneath thousands of their countrymen. They were aided to power by chance, or cunning, or resistless force; and then they ruled mildly, or tyrannically, according to their different and inherent dispositions or educated habits. Thus it is at present with many of the Monarchs and Nobles of the Eastern hemisphere. Now, Fellow Citizen, how you pity the poor subjects of this ancient and iron rule. Some of them perhaps you look down upon with contempt, for their tame submission to cruel rapacity or dottish stupidity. But stop, boaster of this opposite hemisphere, and an Elective Government. Behold! if there are not the same dominations and dependencies here: there are those of similar ori-

gin, and some of them are of similar detestableness.

We, as a People, like the tribes and nations of old, have our all-important concerns, our momentous public emergencies. These with us, in general, are not War, but Politics. Among us also there are individuals to whom Nature has given superior original talents, or opportunity a superior developement of ordinary faculties. These men take the lead of others, and direct and control them in a manner like the leading, directing, and controlling of the East and Antiquity. We have our First and Greatest man or men, and then under them, degree below degree of qualification, down to the common level of the mass. Our great public affairs naturally and necessarily fall into the hands of such superior men. As a general principle, there is no presumption or wrong, in these few taking the lead, and nothing mean in the common many following after. It is the appointment of

Providence, and the good order and improvement of society require it.

But the Chieftains of our Republic—these Political Leaders, differ from each other in intellectual and moral character as did and do the monarchs and nobles of other countries. Here, as it was there, some are more wise, more just more benevolent than others. Some are selfish and hard-hearted by natural disposition or acquired political habit. Then, there are those who are crafty and designing, who, if they cannot openly usurp, are ever scheming to supplant. Lastly, there are those who gain ascendency by some chance, few or nobody knows what. If their hearts are not a hollow, as it is with some of the rest, their heads are a block; and if there be the feeblest portion of the immortal hidden within, it must be exercised in wondering how they at all got above their wooden kin of the earth, all contrary to the downward force of senselessness—matter towards

matter. Unless such are strongly held up by some cunning Brain for a convenience to its own ambition, we have not the philosophy or the time to solve the mystery. Of the blockhead in elevation we have nothing more to say. In passing, we briefly notice it as a phenomenon occasionally happening in political atmospheres. But it is the class of Politicians mentioned just before this thing, to which we would attract particular and serious attention. These are the Enslavers and Tyrants of the new world. They king it and lord it over the interests of their fellow-men whenever they can, and as far as they can. Their immediate subjects and stooping minions are tens, hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands, according to their degree of ascendency and reach of influence. Would that it were not worse. But such men, by the stairway of minionship—the foot-holds of willing heads, may trifle with, may

curse the interests of other thousands or millions who are obliged to look up to the political Place, but who know enough to look deeply, immeasurably down upon the political character.

These are not, indeed, called Enslaver or Tyrant in our Republican and Democratic vocabulary, for this title, by priority of occasion and long usage, is applied only to those who enslave through some exercise of physical force. But we have a name for our Enslaver which should be before the world, and in all future time, as black and hateful as that of Tyrant—it is DEMAGOGUE! Him we intend now more particularly to describe and expose—*him*, the Arch-Deceiver, till he gets into actual and constitutional government, and then, it may be, the fearfulest Despot even in a boasted Republic. If men have periled life and all things earthly to be delivered from the thraldom of war-made or heredi-

tary monarch and noble, so also, when there is not peril of life or any thing dear, they ought to strive for emancipation from the despot whom the strife of politics places over the bowed heads of a mighty People.

CHAPTER VIII.

Illustrative and Preparatory Supposition. Wonderful Piece of Mechanism—the Voting Machine.

To show more clearly, and we trust effectually, how it is that the Citizen is made the slave to base Political Chieftains, we will now present theoretical illustrations, and some few positive and actual examples.

Suppose some leading Politician should surround the ballot-box with a company of soldiers at his command, who with the point of the bayonet should compel citizens there to vote for men as senators and representatives who would enact laws which would tend particularly to the wealth, grandeur and pleasure of aforesaid Politician, and then suppose, that in consequence of this compulsion, such enactments would eventually pass in the legislature. Now

in this case would not those voters be slaves—positive slaves, just as much as if the tyrant had not acted through the ballot-box, and thence through subservient legislators, but had, Sultan-like, prescribed the law with his own lips? "Despotism here plain enough," you would exclaim. But again. Let there be no physical compulsion from the political Chieftain, but suppose that by an invisible agency of his will upon the mind, by a power, for instance, similar to that imputed to animal magnetism, Citizens are made to cast the desired suffrage; in this case would they not be as much slaves as if compelled by the bayonet at their bosoms?

But what has all this singular supposing to do with us—the People of this Country, of fearless heart, and with the elective franchise in our free hands—Sovereign Majestic us? Exclaim *some* of our readers, we imagine. We will endeavor to

make this portion of the Electoral Supremacy feel the point of supposition.

In our Republic, most truly, no physical force is applied by the political Chieftain to the voter's body. No, irresistible Magnetism is apparently applied to his mind. Indeed, our Citizens, in no degree, seem compelled to vote according to another's will. Yet no small portion of them do it, we boldly affirm. They do cast the suffrages prescribed by others, and not those dictated by their own free minds and independent, uncontrolled wills. We trust that we have sufficient insight into mental mechanism to show how this takes place, and prove also the fact. We must promise that for the sake of those who, seeing, see not, and are waxed gross of heart, we must liken things immaterial to things material, and this with minute particularity and to considerable extent. We propose to give a Lecture on Political Mechanics in that

familiar, direct and simple manner which shall make our reasoning understood, and the truth to come home to the bosoms if not the Conscience of those concerned.

Let each one who particularly needs our explanations, consider himself individually and particularly addressed. We will suppose ourselves addressing an audience of one. So we begin.

Please to look, dear Pupil, with the mind's eye as directed. There, in the inner man you perceive, by looking very sharp, certain things called Political remembrances. These are divided into separate sets. Each set consists of those several remembrances which have a particular affinity for each other—These are linked together in a sort of chain, indeed, so intimate is the union that it seems one continuous line, like the finest wire—we will henceforth more frequently call it wire. There are a good many of these sets, or lines, or wires. But in this form or condi-

tion of connection they take a new name. They are mentally speaking, called associations. But we must speak materially, for your particular sake—so we will continue to call them wires. Well, these wires are kept more or less limber and manageable so as to wind round or stretch out, by the application of that spiritual oil called emotion. A peculiar species of emotion is used in this case, called political feeling. Now, if your mind's eye does n't ache, please to pay attention, and we will show you what next. These associative wires, are each fixed in wheel-band fashion, and pass separately round upon the Soul's central principle, the Will. In these politics it is marvellous how this mover of the faculties is changed from its original nature and its legitimate office. Constitutionally, there is centered within this centre a spiritual existence called the Self—or the I—but now this seems to be utterly annihilated, so that the principle is no longer called

will, but *willingness*, and is nothing but an insignificant and passive wheel played upon the aforesaid wires. It is technically denominated a pulley. But to proceed. The opposite extremities of these pulley bands communicated, how we know not, with those famous conductors of sensation, the auditory and optic nerves. Each wire has a separate connection with the nerves, so as to be made to operate separately, if necessary upon the aforesaid wheel.

Such is the machinery, all as snug as clock work, shut up out of sight, in that doorless and thick bone box, called the skull. This particular set of works is not always active, but at times so perfectly at rest, that the I, or Self, who is alive again, and in his citadel during these periods, is sometimes scarcely conscious of its presence. But at intervals, every week and sometimes every day, the I drops into oblivion, and then what whisking of wire and whirling of wheel! These movements

which happen out of set time and place are not intended for any immediate effect beyond the machine itself. The object seems to be to keep those little slipping and pulling contrivances connected with the wheel in a desirable state of pliancy by the infusion of that aforementioned oil which is exhaustless in abundance and matchless in efficacy beyond account. What marvels! Only look—see what amazing reciprocity—what giving and taking between line and liniment. The wire plays along through the soul and round and round the willingness, and out oozes the oil from its proper cells, as of natural consequence. Then again, as this bathes the wire, it speeds swifter and swifter, as the due effect of the oozing and the oiling. When this action and reaction continues long enough, that state of fervidness is produced, called political enthusiasm. Then, the whole mind-region is illuminated by the flying enginery;—there is a flashing

out, a dancing along, and a shooting up of many-hued glories around the mental concave, like polar lights. (Poll-ar! are they not Mr. Finn?)

But again. There is another and the last degree of vehemency, which may be called the phrensy—the Delirium Tremens of Party. Then what furiousness of wires, what flood of oil. The unctuous element becomes so intensely heated that it bursts into a peculiar sort of flame called party spirit. The decomposition is intense beyond description, and were the I present, we have reason to believe, that such would be the effect on the spiritual olfactories that these sensitive nerves would be agonised, and even killed forever by the odor. From foundation to firmament of skull, all now seems fusion and chaos, and the bony walls would burst asunder and fly in powder upon the wind to Russia or Constantinople, were it not for their excessive and block-like thickness. What a furnace of

consuming that skull-cavern now; were it possible for a rational thought or generous sentiment to get in there, it would perish in a moment. Nothing endures but oil, wire and pulley.

But poor Learner from our lecture, we had almost forgotten you—Have you understood? We have grown poetic and got up into a kind of sublime by this view of infinite force in infinitesimal things. Pardon us; we will get down again and keep you company, and explain to you the rest in good plain prose.

Now as we partly intimated before, these casual movements are to no purpose except to put the machinery in perfect order and readiness, and keep it so, that precisely at an all-important moment it may operate beyond the walls which cover it, and this with the most astonishing consequence. Of this ultimate effect we will speak bye and bye.

But motion implies a Mover, the engine

must have an engineer, these works will not work without somebody to work them. Who can this be, do you ask in wonder? We will tell you. The tender of the machine and maker of the motion is that possessor of the privilege, as we say of mills, that holder of the stock and receiver of all the profit—the aforenamed Demagogue. To borrow a figure from farming, he both holds and drives. Tremendous Power! but don't be afraid of him, just now, and fix your eye on the man, the matter, the make and the motion, and we will try and show you how he does it all.

This Demagogue has in his possession certain various instruments, some of them very small, and none of them large, which are all filled with magic.

Each one of these instruments corresponds with one of the aforenamed wire-bands about the pulley wheel. So that few or many of the magic powers may be made to touch the answering wire, accord-

ing as different degrees of velocity and vehemency may be deemed necessary. We will mention a few of these wonderful talismans, as we may call them. First, there are Patriotic Words and Phrases, and Maxims—Great Men's Names,—certain Heroic deeds of Generals—Wise Measures of Statesmen—Memorable events in History. These are filled with that kind of magic called the glorious, and produce nothing more than that degree of movement in the machine spoken of before—political enthusiasm, or in other words, Poll-ar-lightism. But there is another sort of words or names called the Nick-name—and other phrases and maxims, and other notoriously Great men's names, and then certain single actions or line of conduct considered anti-heroic, and measures considered anti-patriotic. These are filled with a magic which may be called the anti-glorious. When this last class of touch-words, to adopt a term, as significant as is convenient, are

all used in company and connection with all the other class, that diabolical state of the works is produced called phrensy, or the delirium tremens of party, and the deluge of oil heats, boils, and bursts into the tartarean flame of party spirit. As we wish to make our lecture clear and rememberable by all appropriate illustrations, we may say that the manifold, combined and simultaneous operation of all the glorious and anti-glorious talismans on all the wires within, produces a state so unheavenly, and indeed so beneath the dignity and duty of this Heaven-facing world, that the skull-cavern may be well named a Pandemonium of Politics.

But in what way does the Demagogue—the Prince of this little Pandemonium, manage the magical tools so as to produce his desired result? In this way. He sounds them most cunningly into contact with the auditory nerve at the ear of that skull, taking occasion of the casual conver-

sation or the set harangue, or he touches the optic nerve at the eye by means of the pamphlet or the newspaper. But another circumstance in the process must not be forgotten. With wizard skill he generally, so to say, dips his instruments into certain concoctions from his own cooking-stove, or, as it may, too darkly perhaps, be shadowed out to your conception—from his mental pot. This preparation of his pot-skill is of several kinds, two only of which we shall mention as being generally the most potent over the nerves communicating with the machinery at his privilege. The first is denominated Rant. And speaking materially of things mental, as is our manner, this Rant is the most foaming and frothy stuff in the world. It is full of the most singularly insignificant little bubbles that you can think of, and these glitter with reflections—we do not mean such as are obvious to the sense,—as of the sun, nor again reflections called sensible, such

as appertain to the understanding—but the reflections of what intelligent and honest people call political moonshine. The other kind of pot-facture, and the last, is denominated Slang. It is of a murky, muddy consistence, indeed it is sometimes real, black filth, exceedingly foul to the mind's eye as you perceive, and also the mind's smelling organ, if it may be said to have one—this is the settlings of the other, that is the rant, and is generally used when the froth-bubble-and-moonshine stuff has been all poured off. These emptyings of the pot produce a strange phenomenon, which people having high and pure minds about them are incapable of—it is the horse laugh. It causes a most hideous opening of the mouth of that skull-cavern. With one or the other of these preparations, or with both of them all stirred together, mud and foam, murky and shiny, as is once in a while the case, the Demagogue dresses his talismans, and these all reeking he ap-

plies at the ear or eye. Then the wires spring—run—fly—dart, the oil oozes—trickles—pours—deluges, producing a corresponding velocity of that encircled wheel, the willingness—these different degrees being according to the degrees of intensity in the external application. O, what magic, what pot-sops, what word-witchery! Magnetism, Galvanism and all sorts of lightning are weak and slow,—just nothing at all, indeed!

But dear Pupil of our care! we begin to pity you. You must be weary with these details. Your mind's eye and some of its other senses must suffer from these perceptions! But we cannot help it—we must be faithful. We would have been more brief if it had been as well for your clear understanding of the subject. You know the excellence of a lecture consists, among other qualifications, in its embracing every important particular, however minute, and in its perspicuity and simplicity of lan-

guage, as far as they may be consistent with that glow and eloquence which the professional Lecturer likes to have the reputation of. We trust that we have manifested these shining excellences. The renowned Lecturers of the Grand Emporium, Literary and Commercial, are models not to be neglected by so humble a teacher as ourself—although they are so high above us, and it makes our vision ache to look up at their pattern. But there is one thing which they never did, but which we have done, and we hope not to be denied the glory of it. It was what Napoleon came within a single step of performing, but did not perform it. The Little Corporal was obliged to make one whole, and for him, long step, between the Sublime and the Ridiculous, but we—what an exploit! have put them both smack together—chuck into one!

But after all, our boasting is vain. Our feat comes of our opportunity and not our

genius. It is the fortune of our subject: for who before ever discoursed on White Slavery, or lectured on that nethermost form of it which he of the sword-gotten sceptre never dreamed of—Oil-and-Wire-and-Pulley-and-Puppetism.

But our one-headed little audience! We did not think, when we began, of giving you this long and loquacious recess. We hope that you are now refreshed and ready to go on with us to the conclusion of our philosophy. Please to recollect where we left off, and not lose the connection. Puppetism—we have just glanced at it in the termination of the above most original and significant phrase, we shall now terminate our lecture by displaying its beauties, and pointing at the ridiculous sublimities to which it leads up. We take a fresh start. Ye Powers of Constructiveness, unfold to us constructions! Ye Bumps of language, all copious and accurate bend over our pen! We would be as perfect as possible in our

description for besides being faithful to you, our Pupil, we should like to sell a copy of our lecture to some speculator, and make our fortune at once. It might be carried to some Young Republic of South America, or the East, and obtain a Patent as the simplest and surest mode of government-making in the Universe. And could the buyer contrive some method of getting to the Moon, Mercury and Mars, and so on, among the planets, he might pocket worlds of cash.

The first thing now to be observed is this. The skull containing the afore-described machinery is fastened on the top of a human frame—neck, body and limbs. This frame is generally as well made as any such structure, and would be quite respectable were it not for the use to which it has the misfortune to be put. Now, as was said awhile ago, the inner works are kept playing by their possessors, to be all ready for final operation and effect on a

particular occasion—this occasion is Election. Election! this originally and properly means, choosing—but in this business it means making or Manufacturing. Now, cast your mind's eye into futurity a little. Lo, an officer-making day. At a certain hour on this day, that wheel which has been kept in rotatory readiness under the impulsion of the oiled wire—this willingness, as if the very I were in it, (but it isn't,) strikes against the proper nerves of that man-form down beneath, and puts it in motion. How this connection between pulley and nerve takes place we cannot explain. But it shows the wonderful power of that engineer—the Demagogue. Now the whole together—inner works and outer frame—takes a new appellation, viz. Puppet. It is thus named because it is in human shape. But in plain, homely, every-day English, it is a Voting-Machine. Mighty Maelzel! Monarch of Mechanism as thou art, never didst thou import or invent

the equal of this! Turk, Trumpeter and Rope dancer are all beaten hollow. It is well thou diedst without knowing it, or discouragement and envy would have killed thee! Excuse our apostrophes to the Dead, good pupil—we introduce them to give life to our lecture about lifeless things. We wish not to be dull. But we proceed.

Never did that turbaned chessplayer move itself more precisely at the precise moment, than our antomaton moves itself at the proper moment on the day of Election or manufacture. It goes so certainly in a specific direction, and does so certainly a specific thing, that it might be supposed to think—but it does'nt—it is a Voting-Machine. A steam-engine has locomotivity without thought, and so has this, and the depot it puts for is the Polls.

Sometimes, in its progress thitherward, it exhibits a most extraordinary—a monstrous phenomenon—which we must tarry a moment to explain. You have heard,

we dare say, of a certain Personage called the Prince of darkness, because he so hates the light. Well, he is ever flying to and fro, walking up and down, and spitting venom here and there to poison the Constitution, physical, mental, moral, and political, of poor mortals. We said spitting, for he likes to patronize whatever uncleanly habit may prevail in countries he visits, and this Yankee trait is a sport to him. Now this spittle being lodged here and there, is gathered into all sorts of reservoirs, large and little, some with measure and some without, by another power, the subject—the emissary of the first; this latter is named Mammon. He often keeps an establishment of such reservoirs not far from the polls, so that the Voting-Machine on its way must pass very near this excretion of his night-robed Majesty. Some how or other, there is now and then an irresistable tendency and movement of the machine towards these reservoirs, so that it

cannot stop till it is thrust right against them, and hangs over the poisonous brink. Some suppose that the Old Black Spitter himself, at his own behoof, gives him a cloven kick and pushes his victim up to this deposite of his saliva, and then that, by some invisible spasmodic operation, he crooks its elbow, and curls its fingers round such measure of the venom as suits his purpose; then draws, with a spasm again, the clasped potion to the lips, and by the same method parts the jaws and pours it gurgle —gurgle down into the stomach, for the Puppet has such a cavity, just as if it were not a Puppet. There the satanic spittle—but its origin and nature are now known to you, so we will call it by its usual name—Rum; for as soon as cast from the lip of the Generator, to conceal its parentage and to get it unfeared to other lips, Mammon gives it that little three-lettered cognomen. There, in that receptacle lies the Rum, like as a little lake of liquid fire.

Now, O, fearful to think of, this Rum as soon as it leaves the glands of the Royal Fiend, becomes the habitation of another invisible imp and servant of his, called the Power of intoxication. A Demon of fiercest malignity. No sooner is that Rum lake formed in that stomach cavity, than this Infernal leaps from his lurking place. He darts along the puppet nerves with the most amazing velocity, for he goes by steam, he springs into the skull-cavern and there he is right in the midst of that speeding Machinery. He breathes his fiery breath into the fierce flame of party spirit already glowing there, and lo, the Pandemonium of Politics is sevenfold heated, and burns with a gloriousness which the great Patron of partisanship—his majesty of darkness—hovers over with superlative rapture. That wheel, the willingness, now whirls with unimaginable velocity, the Rum-Devil himself could'nt stand on't. But these politico-diabolical fires are some-

times almost too much for the poor puppet. It starts convulsively towards its destination, and it pitches this way and that way, top heavy with the accumulated gloriousness, but in the main poll-ward. Its aim is crookedly straight on. It is sure not to fail of its duty to its owner, for if the demoniacal possession is quite too much, he or some friend, fastens it to some similar but sounder machine, and it is thus dragged to the spot of action.

Now, good Pupil, excuse us for detaining you so long with these Evil Spirits. It is an unpleasant thing to hear or talk about Devils of any kind, but we must be faithful; it is proper that you should know the perils of puppets. We leave this case extraordinary, and take the case ordinary. We proceed with the Voting-machine toward the polls. At some point before reaching the ballot-box, the arm perforce of the skull-enginery is stretched out a little, and that convenient extremity, the

hand, opens and receives a particular ticket which has been placed in the convenient extremity of another surely operating piece of mechanism denominated a vote-distributor. Sometimes the living Demagogue himself, with his own fingers, directly supplies his machine with a ticket, but this is not the usual way. Well these Vote-works thus provided, without any further essential turning aside, are propelled up to the ballot-box. And here we come to the last of the extremes, the extreme point of the machine from which proceeds the final result, and the tip end of the whole operation. The arm is again stretched out, perhaps lifted considerably up, and from between the thumb and finger, those extremities of puppetism, there falls into the glorious receptacle of franchise the aforesaid ticket, the identical suffrage which, days, weeks or months before, was devised, written, and published by the possessor and mover of the whole marvellous mechanism—the

Demagogue. It is done,—that ballot has dropped, nothing more is here wanted of the machine. It is moved back to its domestic station, and is at rest—not exactly so, though,—the inner works are kept in ooze and slip and whirl, preparatory to another elective occasion.

We now leave result particular to survey results general—the scale magnificent. There are at the same polls perhaps a hundred other contrivances of flesh, bone, nerve, will and association, each one operating to the same end as above described. Then there are a thousand or tens of thousands of other ballot-boxes, receiving precisely the same ticket through a similar movement of similar machines, worked by the same original mover or movers, as there may be a Company and a joint stock profit. Now for the grand and ultimate consequence. In a few months certain individuals take their seats as State or National Legislators or Executives. The Dema-

gogue himself is in office, if his machinery has all worked to his mind, or is at least in that comfortable state of expectancy and hope which the wheel of rotation will at length bring round into full fruition.

We will now be a little more particular in respect to one particular office and officer. You know, attentive learner, that the millions of a nation are called in ordinary language the "Common Mass." But it is not one dead popular level, for there are all along, here and there, portions which rise in little elevations or prominences above the great whole. But there are a few individuals who are separate from, and altogether above this mass, by reason of extraordinary talent and long public service. They stand full proportioned above all, in the eyes of all. On one of these, enlightened Public Opinion sometimes puts its chalk, marking him No. 1, and a fit candidate for the chief Magistracy of the Union. When such a man is elected to

the aforenamed office by the independent, honest suffrages of his fellow Citizens, then the true theory of our Constitution is put in practice. Government is carried on as a plain matter of business, as it is according to the dictate of Good Old Common Sense, which says, "Give the highest places to the highest men." But it is possible that such desirable destiny may not bless the nation.

But mind, we do not say whether it always has or has not so happened. We simply aver that it possibly may not happen. And why, because of that Despot, the Demagogue, and his nefarious machinations. To generalize, he dethrones the free popular Will, and leaves nothing but popular willingness—that pulley wheel perfectly at his commaud. We will now describe the possible in relation to the above named officer, just as if it were the actual; and we will enter a little into detail. The Demagogue fixed his eye on

one of those little personal portions of the common mass which, as was described before, rise, in small prominences above the level by reason of some fortunate service to the Public. He contrives that it shall be separated from the surrounding material, pried up, if we may so say, and pulled out, and placed conspicuously above the body from which it has been taken or disintegrated, to use a word to be found in the dictionary. The process, or at least the whole process by which substance is separated from substance is not easily known. There are mysterious under-workings and sly over-lookings. There are at any rate drills and drillers. Perhaps at the crafty machinator's prompting, the Legislature of some state is induced to wield a sledge-hammer sort of machine called a caucus, and many handed, to bring down a thump sufficient to crack off the designated fragment from the great mass. Or before any thing else as a primitive movement, the aforesaid

machinator or Demagogue, gets hold of some little newspaper compass, (commonly called pair of compasses,) and marks out the material, and scratches on it what it is good for, and ought to be, and then gets it out from the rest by more complicated operations. But what these all are, no matter; sufficient to say that this portion of the popular body is now conspicuous to all, not merely on account of the trifling prominence or top we before spoke of, but because it has been dug out and lifted up and shoved upon the surface. Well, there it is, the mark is upon it in great big letters. O Fulton, Archimedes and Tubal Cain, ye never caught a glimpse of the like in your most elysian visions of inventions! Behold the combined, harmonious concentrated action of hundreds of thousands of insignificant engines, each within a little oval box of bone. But let us see the "Operation," from the very beginning, on, in due order of particulars. First,—Dem-

agogue, with rant-and-slang-sopped touch-words at ear and eye;—next oil, wire, wheel—how they play on nerve, feet, hand, thumb-and-finger. Now watch—watch! between the tips of these, received from the Distributing Machine, is now an old rag fashioned into a little patch of paper—this marked with a few drops of cheap black liquid, dried on—there—there! these pitiful nippers are stuck out above a paltry wooden box—they open, in falls that blackened rag, when—wait a little and look again — wonderful! that aforementioned cracked-off, up-pried, out-pulled, unhewn, superincumbent, compass-marked block of humanity, is towering in Place—high, high above the most tiptoe stretch of the tallest forms, yea, of the mightiest Anak of the nation, and lo! before all the world and all ages to come, it is a President of the United States. And wonder on wonder! where, O ancient Philosophy, where dost thou guess this modern Mightiness of me-

chanics to find foot-hold thus to move a world to its purpose? On that platform of unseen, unheard-of, unimaginable immoveability which, unclassically and vulgarly, is called *make-believe.* This is freedom! the Liberty—the Independence of the Revolutionized Provinces—the U. S. A.!—Shade of George the third! How must thou laugh and hurrah to Lord North and Benedict Arnold, and make thy Ghost-palace ring from side to side with Royal mirth at the stupendous mockery!

But poor Pupil, patient listener, we have left you again—got clear out of sight—tossed up into the Sublimest Ridiculous by the mere contemplation of Demagoguery! We are down again, and about done with you. We have now just one question to ask. Before your Will sinks into willingness—your I falls into nothingness—your Self becomes unselfed again, please to say—not which is the most physically painful, but—which is the unmanliest, meanest,

nethermost form of Slavery—Bayonetism, Maguetism, or *Oil-and-wire-and-Pulley-and-Puppetism? ?*

You are dismissed!

CHAPTER IX.

The Student Demagogue. Newspaper influence. Exposure of Editorial trickery by an Editor's Clerk. The overthrown Demagoguing Editor's Soliloquy.

With apologetical gravity we commence a new chapter on a clean page. It is with literary misgivings more than ordinary that we emerge before the serious of mind and delicate of taste from this labyrinth of allegory. Long and low it has been, we confess. This companionship with Demagogue, Demon and dupe even in description, has rather humbled us in our own estimation. But what could we do? We got hold of the thread of analogy not dreaming of its length. Our mirthful organ, alack! always too unmanageable, caught glimpse after glimpse of the ridiculous along the clew, and ran with us on and on the winding way of that voting-machine. We hope the sinuosities of the similitude

will not impair its effect. We now go straight on, turning neither to one side nor the other, excepting so far as it may be necessary to follow up and bring to the ground (O that we might) our crooked-coursed game. We have thus far exhibited the Demagogue abstractly and ideally, we now present him in the actual—the very creature, bodily, in his very hole, or stealing visibly out after his unconscious prey. We shall be as personal and pointed as we can without naming person and touching him with our pen's point. Should some individuals with shame or vexation recognize themselves in our illustrative anecdotes, we pray them to be still and say nothing; if so we shall not attach their character and conduct to their names. We would not unwarrantably give pain to any one, but we have learned that fact is the best nail wherewith to fasten public attention, and in this cause of Freedom we cannot forego our advantage when our hand is

warm on the hammer, and the very nail is in our fingers.

There are those who start in the career of life with the determination to obtain public office and distinction. They practise the subtle arts of the low demagogue in the outset, and trickery becomes as familiar to their conduct as the pen to their fingers or speech to their lips. Their whole tablet of political morality might be written on their little finger nail—for it is only five words. "All is fair in politics." Here is our first illustration. We once became acquainted with a young gentleman while he was getting his academic education. He was a thorough aristocrat in his feelings. He was haughty and reserved, especially towards those he deemed his inferiors. A few years afterward, we found this same individual in a country lawyer's office. The table, chairs, and floor, were strown with newspapers, as if instead of cloth, cushion and carpet. One

of our first remarks after salutation was on the aspect of the room, so different from that of his study of former years. "O," replied he, "I read not much but newspapers now. I have given up my former taste in books, and taken to politics. I tell you what—I am going to be somebody up here, if I can; and this is the way. I must con the newspapers so as to get the routine and the tatics of politics. And I have written some for them. O, I am beginning to stir about considerably in political matters. I attended a senatorial caucus the other day, and I made my first caucus speech, and did pretty well for a beginner, I thought." Now in the midst of our conversation the door opened, and there entered a man of exceedingly coarse and vulgar appearance. The owner of the office, with whom he had business, not being in, it was left for my acquaintance to receive him; and he did it with a grace I will endeavor to describe. "Walk

in, Sir—walk in—I am very glad to see you." And he gave him a most brotherly grip with one hand, while with the other he motioned him to a chair. He then made the most minute inquiries about his family, and as if they were his most valued friends. He was never more absorbed by philosophy or rapt by a poem than he now seemed to be by the most common place things. The citizen seemed mightily pleased with the condescension and kindness. And when he took his leave, our afore-time proud-faced, stiff-bodied aristocrat smiled and bowed him out with an oily-jointedness that made us marvel still more. "W'y," exclaimed we, "can this be you—what a change in your manners—we could hardly believe our own eyes." "O," replied he, with a laugh and a meaning wink, "I am going to be somebody up here, and I must get the favor of the people, and this is the way. I have learned a new lesson. This old aristocracy does'nt

answer, so I've flung it off, and put a democratic dress on my manners." This account is substantially true, our own eyes and ears were witnesses.

We have described a character such as is found here and there throughout the country, not only in the lawyer's office, but also in the other walks of life—the cool-headed, hollow-hearted, calculating Demagogue—the Office-seeker—the People-Tickler—the man whose vocation it is to make and to deal in the article—the thing we are discoursing about—the white slave. But the Demagogue works with an instrument far more powerful than bow and smile and tongue-flattery and deception. It is the newspaper. The student you recollect had begun to wield it. Through this he speaks to the far off and the solitary; through this he can utter what he would not and dare not affirm openly, endorsing it with his own presence and name. Shame and the public indignation would

prevent it from his lips. It is not merely unprincipled talent which uses the anonymous and irresponsible print; but men of weak intellect may, and do thereby operate on the public mind. Unable to reason or to think connectedly, they can nevertheless scrawl the party catch-words and dash off the abusive paragraph, and these are as powerful with many as well-proved facts linked together and fastened on the understanding with all the hammers of logic. We wonder that the old world's people can so tamely bow to an empty-headed fellow mortal with a thing called a sceptre in his perhaps vicious hand, yet how many of this new world's citizens believe and speak and act in mean subordination to the empty-headed knave with the quill of a goose in his scandalous fingers. And truly, should these citizens stand up and doff the hat and bow the body at the wing-flapping and cackling of the just named long-billed, short-brained animal, they

would act as sensibly as they do in adopting opinions and receiving impulse from this abuser of the goose's appendage.

But the all-powerful, the arch Demagogue in our country is the newspaper Editor. By what we are about to say, however, let not the enlightened, the judicious and conscientious Editor sink in estimation, for such undoubtedly there is among this numerous vocation. Let such a one be duly respected. Let him be read. Let his talents be put in full requisition. Should he be sent to the halls of legislation, wisdom has there a worthy ally. Should such an Editor be elected to the highest chair of the State, that seat is honored. It is of the Demagogue Editor that we speak, for it is time that the people should sort him out from the rest, and pull him down from his bad eminence. By his peculiar arts he attains almost the power of a monarch over the interests of men. Yea, he becomes the veriest despot by entering into the realm

of mind. He puts his own will into the souls of his readers, and the understandings, the affections and the wills of these readers, politically speaking, are absolutely his. Who like him can make and unmake, put in and put out, put up and put down. He looks abroad among his subjects, and fixes his mind's eye on one, and says, let him be a senator in the state legislature, and straightway he is so; on another—let him go to Congress, and he is sent there. Of a third he says, he must govern the state, and behold he is governor. He but speaks, and it is done. He says, let there be darkness, and it is so. We will give you an illustration from our own experience. A few years since, we met with a young man who had been clerk of a distinguished and very influential Editor. He was communicative, and we drew from him many things respecting the management of newspapers in general, and at length he touched in particular upon the conduct and

character of the one to which he had been attached. We asked him if he or the Editor really believed all that was said in the paper respecting the opposite party. "O, by no means," was the reply. How then could you publish known misrepresentations. Now fellow-citizens just mark his answer. "O they are the tactics of politics—they are absolutely necessary to manage the party." But he let me into the secrets of his master still further. "My bed," said he, "was in the counting room—and many a time have I been kept up till midnight while the Editor, (naming him,) and the Hon. Mr. —— (naming also a distinguished individual,) were laying plans to manage the party." "Manage the party!" exclaimed we, "can it be so?" "To be sure, "answered he, "I know it to be so—it is absolutely necessary—they could not get along without it."

Manage the party! how that expression afterwards haunted us. Those three

words—"manage the party," so affected our feelings, that we could almost seem to see them shaped in the air straight before our startled sight. And O that they could be shaped in the air before the duped eyes of those who are thus planned against, got along with, and managed. Would that for once we had a magician's power, and we would change political associations operating on popular *willingness* into real substance, that might be seen and touched, and we would show to the puppets the slipping flexile wires and little twirling wheel by which they are made to move body and limb, muscle and nerve, and dance hither and thither to the tune of the humbugs ever swarming anew from the Demagogue's own brain-garret.

But there is here and there a Demagoguing Editor who is to be pitied as much as blamed; we mean him who feels himself obliged to be the underling of more powerful men—not for the sake of office

perhaps, but for the sake of bread. By an unfortunate chance he has taken to newspapering. He has one little spot in his heart pure with innocent feeling. He loves and cherishes his family like the rest of us, and they must be fed. God has given him a flock for his fold, and they must be kept by such hook or crook as his pitiful hands may lay hold on. So he becomes a petty second hand Demagogue. Him let us compassionate, as we leave him to the necessity of choosing more honest methods of support.

But the Editor whose strong thought, rich fancy, and quick and brilliant wit might carry him by a straight and honorable road to all due distinction, but who hardens his heart and sears his conscience and dashes through all dirty ways, or steals through all hidden ways to his aim, who acquaints himself metaphorically as well as literally with the blackness of midnight to manage his party,—let him be seen as

he is, and treated as he should be, like the Rogue in the play, who likened the world to a shell fish, which he would open with his sword; so this man cares for nobody but himself; all the world beside is nothing to him but an oyster, which with his dagger pen he would open for his own particular maw. Ay, let him be seen as he is, and treated as he should be. Knock the pointed instrument from his hold. Let Scorn stick out her finger at him. Let Contempt thrust at him her toe and turn upon him her heel. Let Poverty keep him on a crust, and butter it with mould. Let the weather's eye count the bones of his body through the chinks in his garments—all this till he shall repent. And if he has a family whom he has supported by his spoils, and they shall suffer for a time, let them be sustained by neighborly charity, or be taken to the alms-house like the destitute family of a felon. Indeed, such an Editor's doings are felonious, and if the

land's law cannot touch him, let Public Opinion stop his crimes. Let it hang like a storm-cloud above his head, and pelt him with its hailstones, and make him quake with its thunders. O the partizan newspaper conducted by such a man! Thought cannot find expressions too strong; Fancy cannot stretch after figures too bold, whereby to show its effectual and perfect adaptedness as an instrument of thraldom. With its whole columns and half, its long paragraphs and short, with its two lined gripes and pinches, and one lined punctures, it is not merely as one fetter-chain of links and clasps and hooks and pins; it is a whole garment of shackles of closest texture. With this the evil power, as it were, encases the body and compresses the limbs,—shuts close down the eyelids, and fastens up the lips. Yea, crushes in the base brain of him who reads it and reads nothing in contradiction. Aye, in this way the menial reader is doubled together, and

lumped up, and bound into a ball with which the black-leg Politician plays his nefarious game. O Europe, Asia, Africa, forbear your scorn, as ye lean on your sceptres, your swords and your war-clubs, and look over hither, forbear your scorn, and pity, pity a slavery and a degradation like this.

Fellow Citizens, this is White Slavery! Shall we not all as one come to the emancipation of its victims. Let us to the work then, in that right way which Common Sense points out. Read both sides ourselves. Let the bondmen see their condition by the light of our example. Let them be encouraged to use their own strength and struggle for deliverance, unbind themselves and straighten up into men. Every fair-minded Editor himself cannot but advocate this course. If he believes himself to have the truth, he cannot but wish to propagate it. He will rejoice in a procedure that shall make way

for the truth into the opposite party. That Editor who shall oppose this course is a Demagogue of the darkest dye. He will carry "Afraid of the truth," written upon the surface of his character in such great black letters, that he must be a very sot in the drunkenness of party-spirit, who could not read them. But such an Editor, we fancy, will not be found. The most knavish knight of the pen, for shame's sake at least, would advocate impartial reading. He certainly would not oppose it, even if it should turn him out of the lie-darkened hole of his vocation, and tumble him down into another sort of obscurity, more honorable though less profitable.

Let us imagine how a character like this would soliloquise—that man of midnight, for instance, of whom his clerk gave the account. He must have that hardened wickedness which would make merry with his own desolation. The tragic of his false soul would utter itself with a comic

mockery. "Ye Powers of darkness! what shall I do now? Your aids do fail me. These temperance times in politics are not for me or you. The stills and vats of my vocation will no more need your guardianship. These devil-draughts are all done with in this part of the upper world. Avaunt ye infernals, and leave me alone. Well, they are gone. Now for honest means to sustain my party. But alas, my party must now go down—well, let it go down then. There is an *up* somewhere else, and I'll have it. What, despair in a country like this! Not I. I have talent—that some folks know and have felt too. I can support the truth on a pinch—strange work though it be. If I cannot lord it over my besotted vassals as before, there is one gain for my loss. I shall have the comfort of a clearer conscience. Moreover, I shall be able to walk the streets without feeling that sharp-eyed men are looking through me, as they would through a fea-

ther's thickness of mist. But there is no time to be lost. Ho, ye handmaids of Decency! give me a clean Pen. Oh, its white purity almost blinds my unaccustomed sight. Wonder what the Father of lies does with his eyes when he wraps himself all up in angel-like light. But custom is second nature—that I know, and if it shall be with brightness as it has been with blackness, I shall get used to it. Courage then my heart! If I cannot say that I am myself again, I can announce that I am somebody else. But O, for a cup of Lethe for the old self and his Tartarean quill. Horrible, horrible! if these Dead Politics should have ghosts."

But to be serious, under the policy suggested, there could not but be a general and thorough reformation of the press. The most deeply stained forger of lies and poisoner of the political soul would strive at least to borrow a garment of light.

Now Fellow Citizen, shall the political

press be steady in its course and impartial in its light, like the great luminaries of nature, or shall it be as the lands combustible forests, set on fire by incendiary hands, sending kindling sparks upon the peaceful dwellings and blinding smoke all through the air and over the sky, turning daytime to night in which the creatures of prey creep forth to seize on their victims? DEMOCRAT! WHIG! to each is the closing question—Which will you have? More calm, enlightened and just Futurity will know who shall have the honor of making the *good* choice *first*; and who shall have the perpetual disgrace of making this good choice *last*, or not at all!

CHAPTER X.

Lowest Mode of Slave-Making. A Handle to a Lash.

There is another mode of slave-making besides those already described, which demands remark. Our efforts here can hardly reach its victims. All we can hope, is to open the moral vision a little more widely, and hold up more distinctly to its scrutiny the partisan who adopts means so offensive, not only to righteousness, but decency. We take up the fact, moreover, as a good strong handle to a good long lash, which might be snapped, with some small effect, perhaps, in the ear of multitudes, who are comparatively as blameworthy, and as thoughtless of true freedom, as the poor creatures now to be exhibited. An anecdote shall introduce this matter.

A facetious and frank-hearted gentleman, of the legal profession, who would

not spoil a good story to save himself, relates a portion of his own political experience somewhat in the following manner. One or two things, however, we must stop to premise. First, the scenes to be described took place before the present Temperance Reform had got much, if any, under way. We, therefore, are far from attaching an odium to the self-exposing politician, which would be justly one's due, who should act a similar part amid the present enlightened condition of public sentiment. Secondly, inasmuch as we do not recollect all the graphic touches of the original teller of the story, we shall add a few clumsy embellishments of our own, to give more spirit and interest to the narrative. The substantial facts and pith of the matter are unaltered. Our lawyer shall now have space for his tale.

"I had practised my profession," says he, "two or three years, in the town of ——, when I was proposed by my party

as a candidate for the State legislature. My friends were active in my favor ; but they said that I could do more for myself than they could do for me, in one particular direction, and I must hasten to the business, or, perhaps, have the pleasure of a defeat. ' There are several voters,' said they, ' who live in an out-skirt corner of the town, called Hard-scratch, who are not particularly well off, either as to money, mind, or morals. These, in past years, have sometimes gone this way and sometimes that, and sometimes no way at all; that is, they have staid away from the polls altogether. They take no newspaper to give them a bias, they come not to meeting to get opinion from others of a Sabbath noon. As parties in town are very nearly equal in number, the votes of these men might turn the election. You had better lose no time. You must go and see them and make personal interest.'

"I took the hint, and forthwith took

my way to Hard-scratch; and a hard scratch at electioneering this, thought I, as the scene of labor presented itself. At first sight, the characters of these people seemed as stony, stumpy, and shrubby, as the lands they lived on. Well, thought I, they are a sort of political wild—public domain—'government ground,' indeed, on which I had the privilege of being a 'squatter.' Rough ground, but capable of 'improvements.' So I struck in, and laid about with a power and effect astonishing to myself. I made them believe that they were the best bone and muscle of the nation, and that they knew more than any body else—about some things; and that I knew more than any body else they ever saw, about other things—politics for instance. I convinced them, I thought, that the leaders of the opposite party were knaves, and the led were fools. And I pretty plainly hinted that if they did not come to town meeting, and go for me as

representative, they would not be the wise men I had taken them for, that is, if they cared a 'cent' for their glorious liberties. I told stories, cracked jokes of my own, and laughed as if 'tickled to death' at all their successes or failures at wit. As for table hospitality, I got enough of that to save board a week to come. Either because Sam Slick had not been there with his clocks, and the sun didn't tell the time of day right, or because meals in Hard-scratch were not of the ordinary every day number, and came when 'my old man' came home with potatoes for the pot, or when he got time to 'snake up' and cut up the limb of a tree to boil it, or for some other unaccountable reason, the business of eating was strangely out of keeping with the usual eating hours. So I 'set up, laid to and helped myself' at least six times that day, with much effect on the good nature of my new acquaintances. I 'could set at table with poor folks,' al-

though I was a lawyer and wore gloves and white handkerchief—(black stocks were not in fashion then)—I was'nt 'proud a single bit.' Such was the opinion they formed of me, I could perceive, and I did my best to strengthen it. When I did'nt eat at a house, I drank hard cider, if they had it, or water out of a rusty tin dipper, and here and there toddy from a black earthen mug, or raw rum and water from a cracked tumbler, with as much relish and copiousness as if I had been wandering in a burning desert and had just found a longed-for fountain. The men all promised to be punctual at the polls and 'go' for me. The women too were all in my favor, if saying beautiful baby, fine child, bright boy, and kissing little cheeks unkissed by water ever made way to the female heart through the bump philoprogenitive. The boys, and especially the girls, sent their kind feelings after me—'what a pretty man that 'ere is,' reached my ears now and

then as I left the house. Indeed, I did my prettiest at the Demagogue—it was my maiden effort, as I may say, and I came off with extraordinary eclat. I left Hard-scratch late at night, as certain of the 'Sons of Liberty' there as if I had brought away their free hands in my great coat-pocket to carry to the ballot-box myself, with my own honored name in the fingers. As I rode homeward, my heart was as puffy and buoyant beneath my ruffle as a small balloon, and my imagination streamed out and fluttered away above it like the flag of freedom, all invincible with Eagle and glorious with stars. I felt myself to be a 'growing man,' and in the vision of the future I saw myself still growing, and at length grown to be Speaker of the House, Representative to Congress, Governor of the State, Senator at Washington, for six years and twice that ; and the Executive Cabinet!—there was a glory round about that, almost too much for the strained eye

of my fancy, but I discovered somebody in the circle there very much like an older and more dignified self. Then, just as I was trying to discern, within that glory, whether it was a Secretary or a 'Greatest and Best' who wore me in his noble countenance, my horse not travelling the unmade turnpike of futurity like myself, run my gig wheel tight against a stump. Here I found myself in the body again, and not yet out of Hard-scratch. No matter, thought I, Hard-scratch shall make an easy Scratch for me to the first office in the gift of the town. This was not my fancy, but calculation, for my party friends had counted their men, and had cypherèd themselves into absolute certainty, and it was as sure as sunrise that these out-skirts would make for me, at least, a majority of ten.

"Well, town meeting day came, the day that was to determine whether I should that year get my foot on the first round of

the state political ladder or not. My success depended on the fidelity of my recruits from the out-skirts.

"Now there was an old rickety tavern with a shattered sign-post and a weather beaten, creaking sign, at the corner of the common, where the Hard-scratchers always stopped when they came to the village. About half an hour before the opening of the polls, thinks I to myself, nothing like eternal vigilance for one's country, that is, for one's self; so I'll just go over there and see if my men are on hand. Well, as I stepped into the entry opening into the bar-room, the din of voices gave me the welcome information that all was probably safe. But, just as I had laid my hand on the latch to enter among them, one boisterous voice, which I recognized as belonging to the most promising and the most influential of these border men, roared out Hurra for the Colonel! Now this Colonel was my competitor of the day. 'Hurra for the Col.! He's our man. He's

a ginerous feller!' As this struck my ear, my knees trembled, I could hardly get hold of the latch, but steadied my limbs and stiffened my face and went in. And there surely were most of my expected supporters, my hearty promisers, all turned traitors. They started, and dropped their eyes, and turned half round, and edged away, as I the promisee appeared. But the aforesaid man of the voice, as he put down the glass from his lips, saluted me thus. 'Well Squire! we've come on ye see, but not to go for you though; the Colonel's our man. He can talk as slick as you, and treat us to hot sling besides, which is a leetle slicker.' At this speech of the Judas right in my face, the rest looked up, and turned round, and grinned assent to him, and stared defiance at me. O, my heart died within me, I was in perfect despair. The Colonel, much older than myself in politics, had thought of one thing more than myself—the appetite, and to it he had addressed that

most convincing of all arguments, the dram; and this to be repeated until there should be thorough conviction. This was a result beyond our party cyphering. My opponent had performed in a twinkling an example in subtraction, which turned the sum at Addition which it took me a whole day to do in Hard-scratch into nothings—round Os in more senses than one. He could explain the rule of borrowing ten a little beyond school-keeping.

"I was just retreating, certain that my political ambition must wait awhile, when a sudden thought caught me back. I rushed up to the bar, and says I 'landlord just mix as much hot sling at my expense as these men can stand under and get to the polls.' 'Oh! Squire, you are too late,' said he 'for the Colonel has left word with me to treat them with more than they can stand under if they like.' 'Never mind,' says I, 'let us have the sling.' 'Well, I can make it if you say so, squire, but I can tell ye it'll do

no good.' But the hot sling was made in the bar's biggest pitcher, according to order. Now, says I, in a voice to be heard by all, 'just drop in butter enough, and no more, to make it the smoothest stuff that ever slipped down a town meeting day's throat.' The quantum suff. of butter was stirred in, and well mixed, and glass after glass was poured out, and all were set in a row upon the bar, and steaming with a buttery incense which the experienced Colonel never dreamed of topping off a treat with. My last argument was arranged, and as I looked round, I perceived that the light of evidence was already reflecting from the countenances of my audience. Now, says I, 'Gentlemen, walk up and help yourselves, here's to your good health, and to the success of our party.' The sling went down slicker, and the glasses were drained quicker than ever. 'Hurra for the Squire!' roared the afore-mentioned foreman of my jury. 'Buttered sling forever!' was the loud re-

sponse of another. 'Buttered sling forever!' was echoed from the smacking lips of all the rest. They felt it to be the irresistible oil of persuasion. In fact, they could hardly stand under the weight of conviction. I did'nt mention the Colonel's name, nor say a word about 'going' for me. But I got my case. I was representative elect, and, ha—ha! my fancy's eye caught clearer glimpses of Congress and Cabinet than ever."

We ought now perhaps, to beg pardon of some readers for the length to which we have spun the tale of the jocose lawyer. Our pages are addressed, not to one particular class of men, like many other books, but to all men who pay a tax sufficient to pave their way to the polls. There are many, who will proceed with us more contentedly to graver things, after so considerable a treat to their eventuality and mirthfulness, if the description may perchance have excited this latter organ. When party

politics has so much that is ludicrous, the wisdom that would have accomplished our proposed end with a continuous gravity, would have been, we think, a little too wise for its own interest.

But there are those who are willing to be amused, but deem our story rather too low for the endurance of their moral taste. But we beg of them to remember that it is low arts by which freedom is most endangered, and these low arts to be seen as they are and put out of use, must be described as they are. When the physician would warn the community against a pestilence, and excite the people to action about it, it may be necessary to lead some to the very reservoirs of filth, and bring the putrefactions in contact with the shrinking senses. It is the same in regard to political putrefactions, breeding political pestilence.

We deem thus much of apology necessary, as it has been our lot to be censured for this "descent from decency," when a por-

tion of our book was, in the shape of lectures, addressed to the ear.

The scenes we have described took place years ago, yet in this age of moral reform, how prevalent are similar partizan expedients, all over the land. How is that urn of national destiny, the ballot-box, shaken by hands possessed by all the seven Devils of Drink. When parties are nearly equal, the most important elections may be carried to the side of evil by this unhallowed appeal to worse than brutal appetite. These men of the *out-skirts* come up to the polls every where. We do not now mean, the out-skirts of a town but of political interest—border men of parties, who are ready to go over from one to the other, and then come back again, according to the outpouring of that Animal Magnetism—Grog.

The most unprincipled Party is most likely to wield this unprincipled influence to the greatest extent. And when the sides are nearly equal, as was intimated

before, truth, wisdom and virtue are likely to be flung in the struggle. With patriotic —with pious grief they then must look up from their fall, and behold on the brow of majority a wreath of Victory, perfumed with the breath, and decorated with the carbuncles of the drunkard. Then, there is slavery with horrid witness. Justice, Freedom, yea that highest, holiest Liberty from God, Christianity, are cast down beneath that sceptre of Satan—the dram-spoon !*

* To prevent a jealous misapprehension, it may be well to state that in the chapter above, we speak hypothetically. It was written, moreover, previous to the late Election of State officers in Massachusetts, the result of which, at the moment we pen this note, is not determined.

CHAPTER XI.

A Lash to that Handle.

Of the appetite for ardent spirit, as an instrument of the partisan, we have space to say no more. We leave this topic in good keeping—that of the Great Temperance Reform. The Demagogue is finding fewer and fewer to wield to his use by the intoxicating treat. The virtuous of whatever party must scorn such means. They are frowning, they will frown on him who brings them to his cause. To him who abhors the liquor-buying, and turns, with disgust from the liquor-bought, we now present another Temperance Cause. Fellow Citizen, you know that men are to be judged according to their advantages. Unto whomsoever much is given, of them shall much be required. Those who sell their suffrages for drink are generally men whose

intellectual and moral advantages have been very limited. They are truly to be compassionated. Were *you* thus to barter your franchise, no words of condemnation could hardly be too severe. But will you hearken. Should we see you look angrily, or contemptuously, or sadly on your neighbor taking the inebriating glass in one hand and a ticket in the other from the same donor, we should exclaim—"The beam—the beam in your own eye! It is but a mote —nothing but a mote—that you behold in your brother's eye." We mean in comparison with his opportunities and in comparison also with the political evil likely to result. There is another cup of intoxication presented by the partisan with one hand while with the other he holds out his ticket, and both are taken. It is not the hundred or thousand, but the million who are thus bribed of their franchise. Are you of this million? Then we will show you the cup which turns the head, and

makes you a willing tool. It is that party Newspaper by you regularly read. It reeks with a stimulating, inebriating, besotting influence—party spirit. How you gulp down its contents with the inherent fire—and then, all beside yourself, rush blind and headlong to the polls. The fierce partisan newspaper! It is not merely the bar-room tumbler as it were, but the family mug, passing from hand to hand, from which old and young suck the fell spirit into their souls. There this spirit wakens old prejudices or keeps them awake. It cherishes scornful feelings. It kindles up the fires of vindictiveness, which burn into and burn asunder the friendly bond of neighborhood. Alas! and what is more, it sometimes scathes and shrivels those sweetest charities that cluster around the board and the fireside of home. How often have father and son, and especially brother and brother, been maddened against each other by this, and this only!

We have likened these influences of the party press to those gross liquors which actually intoxicate the brain and bereave of reason good affections and all self command. We will proceed further with the comparison, and show how close the similitude in more points than one. Take all the various kinds of partisan and electioneering *stuff* disseminated by print, and they answer analogically to all the various kinds of inebriating drink dealt out by gainseeking hands to gentility at pastime or to low propensity in its habits. We will state a few cases of resemblance.

First there is what may be called rhetorical oratory—that which falls from the lips of Eloquence more imaginative than reflective. We speak of it only as partisan oratory, and this, cupped out million-fold through the land by the press. Here is the richness of learning, the radiance of poetry, the lightning of wit. The reader is kindled with admiration for the author, and gives

himself up to his spell. It is an elysian treat to the mind, as well as an infusion of bitterness into the heart against the political foe. For a brief space, it imparts to the politics of party an ecstacy, as of delirium. Such productions may be called the "glorious Champaign" of partisanship.

Secondly, there is the contribution of that powerful Talent which deals more with matter of fact and reason than with rhetorical flourish. Here is premise and consequence skilfully adjusted. Here acuteness of philosophy and strength of logic. Then, more sparingly intermixed are the solemn appeal and the biting sarcasm. This production is of more slow but of more searching and lasting effect. This is mighty Brandy—the giant champion of the cause.

Next there is the defamatory scandal, the coarse abuse, the vulgar slang of all sorts with which the newspaper *smells*. The Loky-Foky and Hoky-Poky shelf—

the dog-cheap Rum and Whisky of party —the damnable distillations which "Respectability-and-Standing" too often likes a little of, and says nothing, and in which ignorance-vulgarity-and-viciousness over-joyfully soaks.

Mr. Editor Landlord! just mix with the stuff of that shelf a due quantity of the common element of patriotism, sissling hot, then stir in quantum suff. of that oily material popular flattery, and you have the buttered sling of our analogy in the last perfection—"a little the smoothest stuff that ever slipped down a town meeting-day's" *gull*-et.

Would that the parallel might here stop. But there is one more instance—there is the downright absolute fasehood about that which is dearest, one's reputation—the portion which has not a saving or palliating particle of reality in it.

The unqualified assertion that the man of unimpeachable integrity is a knave, that

the pure is licentious, the perfectly temperate man is a drunkard, and this circulated just on the eve of election, at which such a man is a candidate, and there is no time left to refute the untruth until it is too late —the intense cup of unmingled lying, with no antidote within reach. We said, we would that the parallel might stop. It has stopped, for this last is an iniquity which has no emblem in any of the pleasurable draughts of ruin. Ye worms of the still, ye fiercest devils of inebriation, what have ye in your tartarean pits whereunto to compare a venom like this! But enough, O, ye Christian guardians of a nation's morals—Ye champions of the soul's freedom! point not alone to the tavern drunkard and the liquid bribery, when the reason of the million reels, their heart is inflamed, and their conscience is steeped into utter stupor by these unintermitted *topings*, *topings* of the mind!

CHAPTER XII.

Plan of Operations to "Manage" the Parties.

Brothers of God's chosen Family of Freedom—Copartners of the Constitutional Firm—Corporate Employers of Governmental Architects and Mechanics—American Fellow Jurors in the solemn court of Citizenship! Believing that you realize the force, and the perfect applicability of the above terms of address, we now close our humble appeal with a final Proposition to your Common Sense and Conscience. We beg leave to offer a Plan of operations—a new system of "tactics" in Politics, whereby to manage, not the "Party," but the Parties. Shall not Patriotism organize and discipline its hosts as well as Partizanship? We propose that an association be formed in each smaller town, and in the wards of the city, whose object shall be to

promote independent and impartial inquiry concerning our rights, interests, and duties as citizens under an Elective Government. The members must be from both political parties promiscuously, or the object will not be answered. Let every precaution be taken to prevent jealousy between the two parties. For this purpose there might be two Presidents, one from each side, who should preside alternately. The Secretary might be of one party, and the Treasurer or Librarian, of the other. The principal regulation should have reference to a thorough examination on both sides of legislative questions, and of points of public policy immediately before the state or nation. Especially let it be a rule most rigidly adhered to, that each member regularly read opposing newspapers, either by way of exchange with a neighbor, or by some other method as good. The object is attention to substantial articles, and not unsubstantial trash and provoking ribaldry.

But truth, candor, impartiality and thoroughness, will hardly take place, unless special means are used to secure this desirable condition and action of the mind. The association must not merely have organization and life, but it must have energy and vigilance. To this end let there be a sort of Executive Committee to see that the object in view is without fail accomplished. In a country town, for instance, let there be two in each school district, a Democrat and a Whig, who shall see that every man in the district has due access to the publications of both parties, and that he does not neglect them, after having had access. This Committee would stimulate each other to faithfulness in their charge. Each would, of course, be watchful that his opponents in the district become acquainted with the merits of his own side. The catechising would be frequent and particular, in all likelihood. Let these committees report regularly at

the meetings of the Society, concerning the faithfulness of each member under their supervision to the objects of association. But there must be opportunity for presenting and hearing such reports. Let there be stated meetings of the Society, at which a lecture may be delivered on some topic which does not immediately involve angrily disputed points. Or if a lecture of a party character should be admitted, let it be previously examined by a Committee, who should decide whether it is of a spirit such as will not irritate the hearers who differ. Again. Lecturers may not always be had. If not, we propose another course, and one, perhaps, preferable to lectures. Let the political questions which have been, and which are before the country, be discussed; but with this particular and unchangeable rule—that each debater speak only on the side to which he is in reality opposed. The natural desire of performing respectably would ensure a considera-

ble examination of opinions not believed, but which for once must be advocated. The interest the speaker shall have in his own success, will induce such an interest in the side he has taken up, as to make him realize how innocently the actual partisans of that side may hold and act on their opinions. This would truly be a new invention for the manufacture of that scarce and much needed commodity, political charity. In this way no party animosity could possibly arise. Indeed, there might be much sport at such meetings,—sufficient entertainment, at least, to ensure a full attendance,—for each debater might be as witty or sarcastic on his temporary antagonist as he pleased, for the thrusts and cuts thus administered, would be really on his own party, and could not possibly provoke his fellow debater or his political friends. Would a society have the good sense to adopt such a method of discussion, what instruction, what amuse-

ment, what freedom, what charity, would be the result! But in such a society,—for truth, peace, and patriotism's sake, let not one argue in meeting, except against his own present opinions. Otherwise the conflict will root previous notions more deeply in the mind. Even those prejudices which lie more loosely, will be melted in the heat of partisan debate, and infuse themselves into the heart, there to harden again into tenfold tenacity.

Such is our plan. Why shall it not be adopted at once, and be persevered in to the end. Let this principle of an independent, impartial examination, be the *only* principle acted on in the coming Presidential canvass, and it would do more for the cause of truth and sound policy, on whichever side they may lie, than all the firm-split, house-divided struggles, writhings and agonies usual at such elections, and fifty fold over. Then would citizens who have been storming ignorantly about Bank

and Sub-treasury, be able to go round to the opposite of the Great question, and see with their own eyes whether a Monster be there hidden, ready to leap to their destruction, or the truthful Guardian of treasure, beaming with an honest smile.

It must be that this impartial inquiry will cause changes of opinions. Sensible and truly independent men, who have been in the wrong, will openly and boldly take the side of right. But there are others who will not go over to the side of truth, although they see where it is. They are afraid of revilings from the party to be left. They have no moral nerve. They dare not desert the Devil at the beckoning of an Angel, for fear the Devil will laugh at them, and call them naughty names. Should the plan proposed be adopted to any considerable extent, there will be many instances of this sort of cowardice. We are penning this paragraph in anticipation of the pusillanimous

predicament. Poor creatures! can ye possibly tell by what medium a frown on the dusky face of Error can harm the back of Independence, as it marches off to the shining ranks of Truth? The partisan who would sneer and cry traitor, and other hard words, after you, is the Toriest Tory this country is ever likely to be ashamed of. He is the slave of the despotism of Party; and he would bind all others in the same mean soul-chains. His whole estate of political reputation, together with his home, should be confiscated to the Public, to be used as a warning and a by-word. We pray you, therefore, simple tremblers, to step bravely out and away—do not be scared: the partisan shall not touch you. You will find the journey perfectly safe, and more and more pleasant as you proceed, between Error and Toryism and Truth and Liberty.

Again, there is the citizen who will not publicly co-operate in this scheme of deliv-

erance, neither will he impartially inquire, in privacy and by himself. Such a man's home is the Demagogue's outhouse, where he shelters his voting machine; or else it is the shop of the Demagogue himself, who manufactures that sort of article and makes it go. But should any one whole Party in particular, utterly refuse, or even manifest reluctance to adopt the honorable, the patriotic course now suggested, let that party be called the "White Slavery Party," as long as generation shall succeed generation to catch the tale, and detest the leaders, and pity and despise the led.

Finally, it is possible that both political parties may decline such an organization. They may, perhaps, plead the cost of time and of labor. In the imagination of such a result we would exclaim, TIME! LABOR! Aye, but it does not cost immeasurably of these valuables, does it? to put men under a yoke like as oxen, or into a harness like horses, and with lashes and goads and

yells to push the party team round the ballot-goal? Time! Labor! There has been enough of these consumed, within the last forty years, in making men blind, mad, sottish, any thing but free, to have lifted every common school into a little college, and have given every citizen's son a liberal education without leaving his native neighborhood! Take the last sixteen years—how has the nation been made to reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, just from the touch of the Demagogue's finger! Yet time and strength cannot be spared to strike off that instrument of sorcery by the edge of free investigation—yea, cause that Demagogue to be palsied and powerless forever by the sun-stroke of truth. O, why will the strong and the mighty temporize, temporize, and keep on temporizing? When will they comprehend the Infiniteness of Principle! true, holy Principle! It cannot perish; neither is it weak, for it is of the Eternal and the Almighty!

If it be but as the minutest fibre at first starting into light, it shall, nevertheless, grow and grow, run farther and farther, immortally alive, till at length it shall bind the great globe in a cincture of beauty. Yea, it shall stretch upward and upward till it twine with gracious influence from above, and Earth thereby be fastened to Heaven, and God's angels shall come down, and God's children go up along the line!